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ALIEN BOOKS

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COVER BY
MIRKA ANDOLFO

BLACK WHITE & BLOODSHOT®

PROJECT RISING SPIRIT

Advanced nanite [1] capability overview

Basic Information

• A nanite is a robot the size of a nanometer or smaller. A single human hair is 25,000 nanites wide.

• Bloodshot has billions of these microscopic machines coursing through his bloodstream. These nanites are programmed to assist Bloodshot with his various missions.

• Biomolecular nanotech motors enhance Bloodshot's strength, speed and reaction time beyond the limits of a normal human.

• Due to a nanite's ability to create, manipulate and destroy matter on a subatomic level, the true limits of Bloodshot's abilities are unknown.

Medical Applications

Bloodshot's nanites possess the ability to reconnect torn skin, arteries, muscle tissue and nerve fibers; rebuild bone; and repair and reconstruct damaged organs to allow for rapid and complete recovery from extreme traumatic injury.

• Nano-manipulation of physiological responses allows Bloodshot to survive extended exposure to hostile and toxic environments, including extremes of heat and cold, high atmospheric pressure, low-oxygen environments and long-term lack of food and water.

• Sub-cellular repair capabilities restore and restart metabolic processes in terminally damaged tissue.

fig. 1

Military Applications

• Nanite implants expand the range of sensory function, extending hearing into the ultrasonic and sight into the infrared and ultraviolet ranges. Additionally, nanites can detect chemical weapons, explosives and radioactive emissions.

• The nanites' full control over cellular structures allows Bloodshot to shape-shift or "morph" for limited periods of time.

• Neuron-nanite quantum interface allows Bloodshot to receive, transmit, and manipulate electromagnetic frequencies and directly interface with and control electronic and computerized machinery. This includes other nanites, regardless of the level of development.

Possible Dangers

• Although it is highly unlikely, hostile forces with their own nanotechnology could theoretically hack and reprogram the nanites inside of Bloodshot should he ever be captured by the enemy.

• In the same way, external forces can control their own nanotechnology while inside of Bloodshot's bloodstream, and therefore control his body.

• Some scientists fear that molecular self-assembly could allow nanites to replicate uncontrollably. The effect this would have on Bloodshot is unknown.

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PERLIN
LAYTON
SWIERCZYN
ONSTRUCTION

HE'S SCARED.

TAXI

HIS ENERGY SIGNATURE IS OFF THE CHARTS. WEIRD RADIATION...

RADIATION I'VE BEEN TRACKING FOR ALMOST AN HOUR--

--EVER SINCE IT EXPLODED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY.

EVER SINCE HE SHOWED UP OUT OF NOWHERE...

...LIKE THE **TERMINATOR** IF HE CARRIED A BRIEFCASE.

HEY...

OH... OH, MY.

THIS ISN'T RIGHT AT ALL.

SOME KIND OF DEVICE IN HIS POCKET.

SMALL. ELECTRONIC. A MACHINE THAT'S TRYING TO COMMUNICATE WITH SOMETHING...

...SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T EXIST.

I KNOW A LITTLE BIT ABOUT MACHINES.

I HAVE A FEW MILLION NANO-SCALE MACHINES IN MY BLOODSTREAM.

THEY MAKE ME BETTER, STRONGER, FASTER AND ALL THE THINGS YOU'D WANT IN AN IMMORTAL KILLING MACHINE.

THEY MAKE ME--

--BLOODSHOT

I JUST WANT TO *TALK.*

MAY 17TH, 1993. NEW YORK.

WHO *ARE* YOU?

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

I SHOULDN'T *BE* HERE.

SOMETHING WENT *WRONG...*

MY NAME IS TYLER. UM-- *DOCTOR.*

DOCTOR TYLER WALTON.

I WAS IN MY *LAB AT THIS ADDRESS...*

I NEED TO *UNDO* THIS!

OK... MAYBE MORE MAD SCIENTIST THAN TERMINATOR.

I'M SO SORRY!!!

THAT THING I SAID ABOUT BEING IMMORTAL... FOR A FEW SECONDS, I HAD MY DOUBTS.

STAY BACK.

MY NANITES CAN TALK TO OTHER MACHINES.

THEY JUST STARTED HAVING A FEW THOUSAND CONVERSATIONS AT ONCE.

AND SOME OF THEM WERE WITH THE GUY STANDING IN FRONT OF ME.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

I WAS GOING TO ASK THE SAME THING, BUT I THINK WE *BOTH* KNOW THE *ANSWER*.

MAY 15TH, 2018.
NEW YORK.

YOU'RE *BLOODSHOT*, RIGHT? THE ONE THEY CALLED *MICHAEL LAZARUS?*

I THOUGHT YOU WERE--

I AM, TYLER.

I AM BLOODSHOT. RAY GARRISON.

HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.

HE'S GOT NANITES IN HIS BLOOD TOO.

AND THEY'RE SCREAMING AT MINE LIKE IT'S A FAMILY REUNION.

YOU'VE GOT AN *ADVANTAGE* ON ME, PAL.

TWO MINUTES AGO, I WAS TALKING TO YOUR *FRIEND* HERE AND--

THAT WASN'T EXACTLY *ME*. WELL, *NOT YET*.

GET *USED* TO IT. HE *ALWAYS* TALKS THIS WAY.

I'M GETTING *FILLED IN*... I WENT THROUGH SOME KIND OF *TIME RIFT*? BUT NONE OF MY *WEAPONS* CAME THROUGH.

NO *BULLETS*. NO *GUNS*. BUT YOUR NANITES...

BIG INFO DUMP. YOU'RE KEEPING THIS GUY *SAFE*... LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO--

--SET OFF A BOMB?

NOT A *BOMB* PER SE. MORE OF A *DETONATION DEVICE* THAT WILL TRIGGER A *RIFT* IN THE TEMPORAL--

IT'S A *BOMB*.

AN *EARLIER* EXPERIMENT INTRODUCED A LOT OF *WEIRD CRAP*-- SO, WE'RE GOING TO *FIX* IT.

DON'T THEY HAVE MOVIES ANYMORE TO SHOW THEM JUST WHAT A BAD IDEA THIS IS?

I HAD PLANNED TO TRAVEL THROUGH AND FIX THE RIFT, BUT IT WON'T WORK, WILL IT?

THAT'S WHY YOU *ENCOUNTERED* ME--IN YOUR TIME.

THAT *DEVICE IN YOUR POCKET*-- I THINK IT'S TRYING TO GET YOUR ATTENTION.

MY *CELLPHONE?* I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR--

AGGGHH!!!

SHOOTERS--

THIS REALLY *HURTS!*

BULLETS USUALLY DO...

HOW MUCH TIME DO YOU NEED FOR A RESET?

I-I DON'T KNOW.

NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO START *FIGURING THAT OUT.*

AWFULLY STEALTHY FOR GUYS WEARING THAT MUCH GEAR.

GET HIM *OUT* OF HERE. I CAN TAKE CARE OF THESE GUYS.

WHOOOMPH!!

I *SAID* THAT I COULD TAKE CARE OF THESE GUYS!

I HEARD YOU.

BUT I'M NOT LETTING YOU HAVE ALL THE FUN!

COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO *LIVE*.

FORGIVE THE *TERMINATOR* REFERENCE.

THE *WHAT?*

IT WAS A--

I KNOW! I WATCH *CLASSIC MOVIES* TOO, OLD-TIMER!

OLD-TIMER?

WE NEED TO... TRIGGER THE RIFT.

RIGHT NOW, I JUST WANT TO GET YOU OUT OF THE *LINE OF FIRE!*

B-BLAM!

HIS PULSE IS WEAK. A LITTLE ERRATIC.

ALL RIGHT. WHAT'S THE *PLAN?*

THE *RIFT* THAT I OPENED... IT LET SOME THINGS IN THAT *DON'T BELONG* HERE.

THEY'RE SOME KIND OF *ENERGY CREATURES*... AND THEY'RE *DEVOURING OUR WORLD.*

I NEED TO *UNDO* THAT RIFT, GO THROUGH AT *JUST THE RIGHT TIME* AND *RESTORE THE OLD BALANCE.*

OK, HOW DO WE DO THAT?

B-BLAM!

I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU WOULD HAVE *TAKEN CARE OF THINGS* BY NOW, TYLER.

I WANTED *YOU* TO BE *HERE*--

--IN CASE SOMETHING WENT *WRONG*.

HIS PULSE HAS PRACTICALLY DOUBLED.

I'M SORRY, BLOODSHOT--

--*MICHAEL*.

THE RIFT WE OPENED UP *CAN'T BE HEALED* IF THERE ISN'T BALANCE. THE *RIGHT LIVES*... ON EACH SIDE, MAYBE.

YOU *DON'T BELONG* HERE. NOT *ALIVE* ANYWAY!

"I HOPE THIS DOESN'T KILL YOU!"

I DIDN'T GET TO TAP MY HEELS TOGETHER OR ANYTHING. I JUST FELT THE SEARING PAIN OF MY SOUL BEING RIPPED APART...

AND THEN SILENCE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS OUT.

IT'S STILL SNOWING, BUT NOT AS HARD.

MAY 15TH, 1993. NEW YORK.

NO SIGN OF TYLER.

NO TRACE OF HIS CRAZY RADS...OR HIS 'CELL PHONE'.

CONSTRUCTION AREA
UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL
KEEP OUT

FUTURE SITE OF APPLIED PHYSICAL DYNAMICS

WAS THIS SIGN HERE BEFORE?

HOW LONG UNTIL THE LAB I WAS RUNNING AROUND IN A FEW MINUTES AGO IS STANDING ON THIS SPOT?

CURIOUS ABOUT GARRISON AND HIS STORY.

THEY CALLED IT A TEMPORAL RIFT, BUT I'VE BEEN AROUND ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT WAS A DIFFERENT TIMELINE.

I HOPE THAT THEY WERE ABLE TO DO WHATEVER THEY NEEDED TO DO TO FIX THEIR SCREW-UP.

IT'D BE NICE TO RUN INTO GARRISON AGAIN.

MAYBE WE WILL... OR HAVE.

HIS NANITES ACTED LIKE THEY KNEW ME.

END.

RIFT

BY KEVIN VANHOOK

LETTERING: MARTIN CASANOVA
EDITOR: MATIAS TIMARCHI

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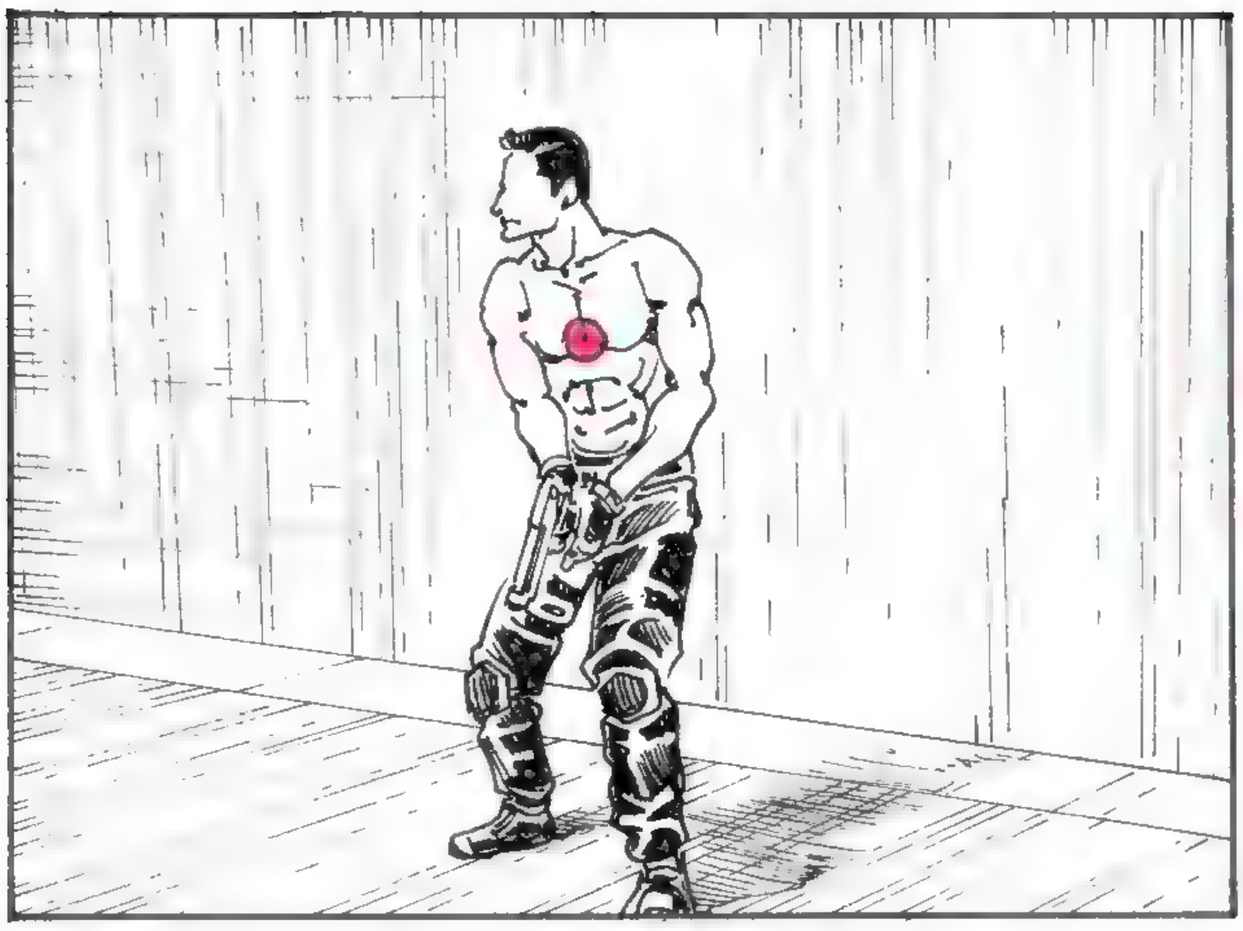

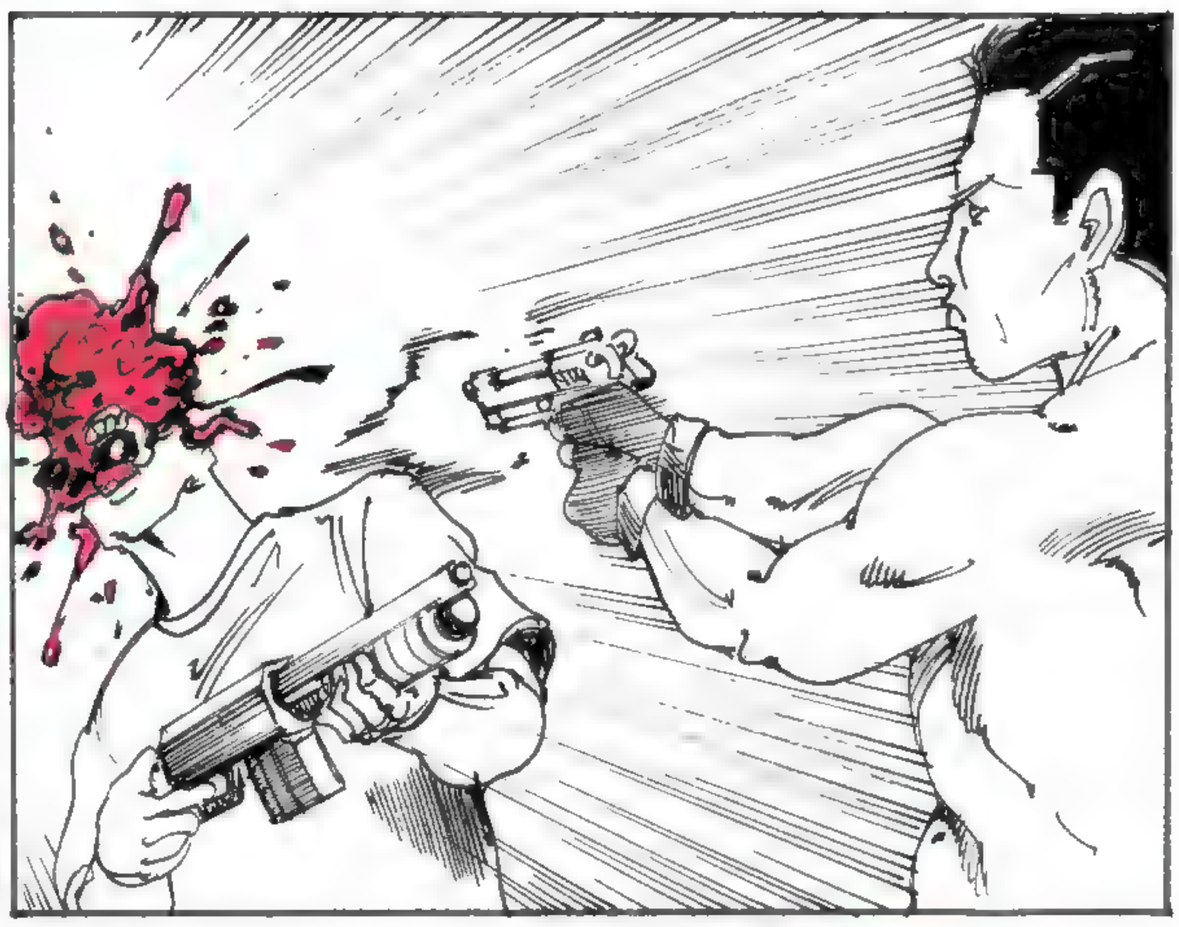

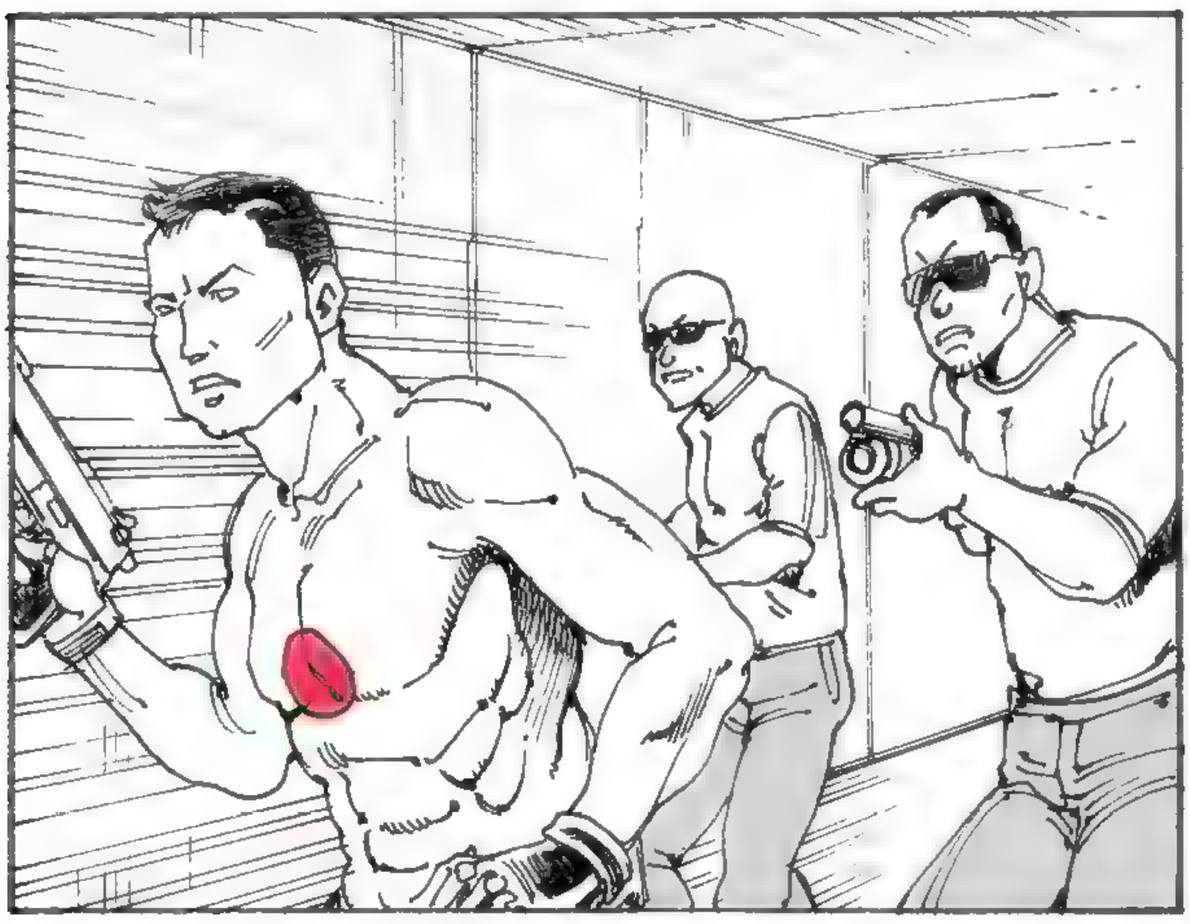

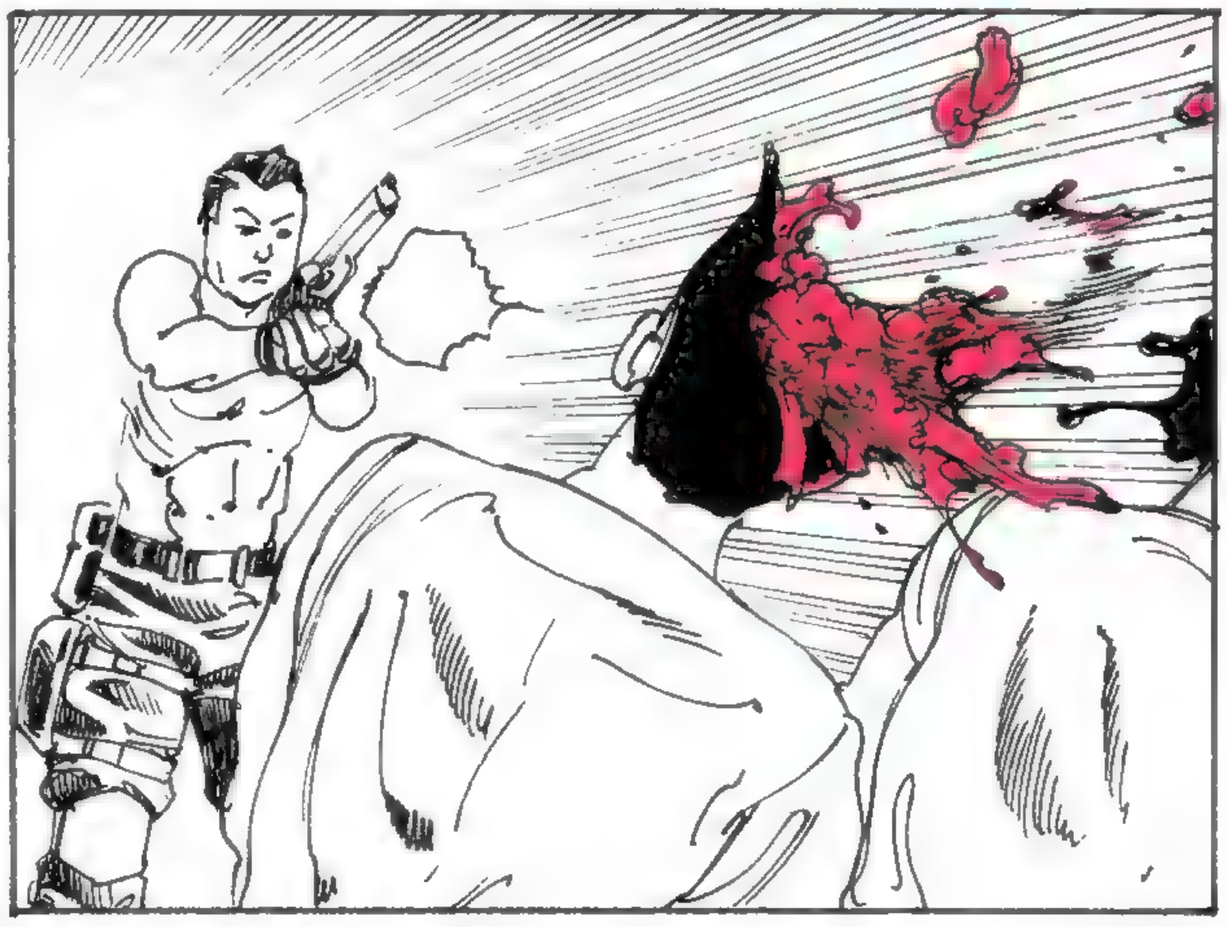

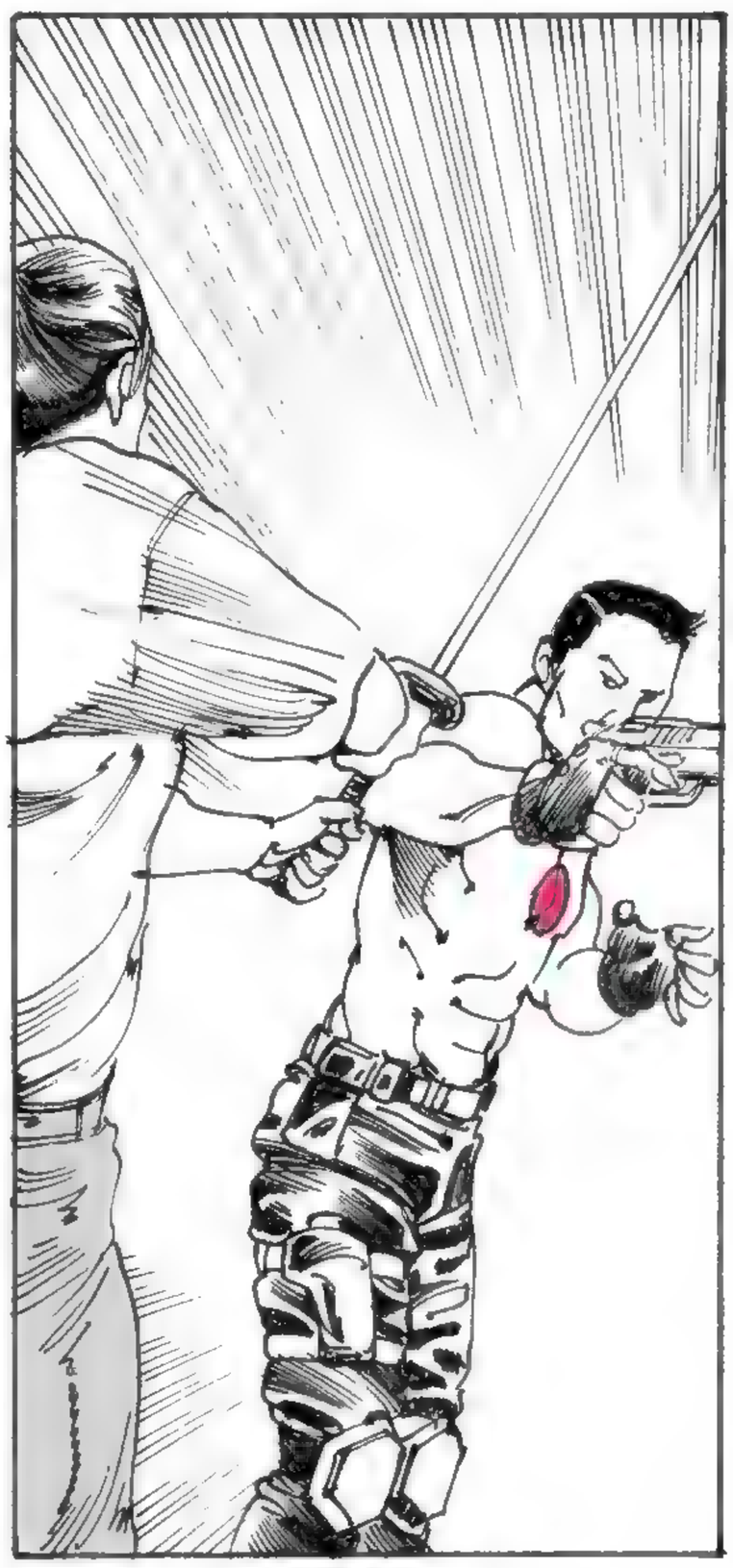

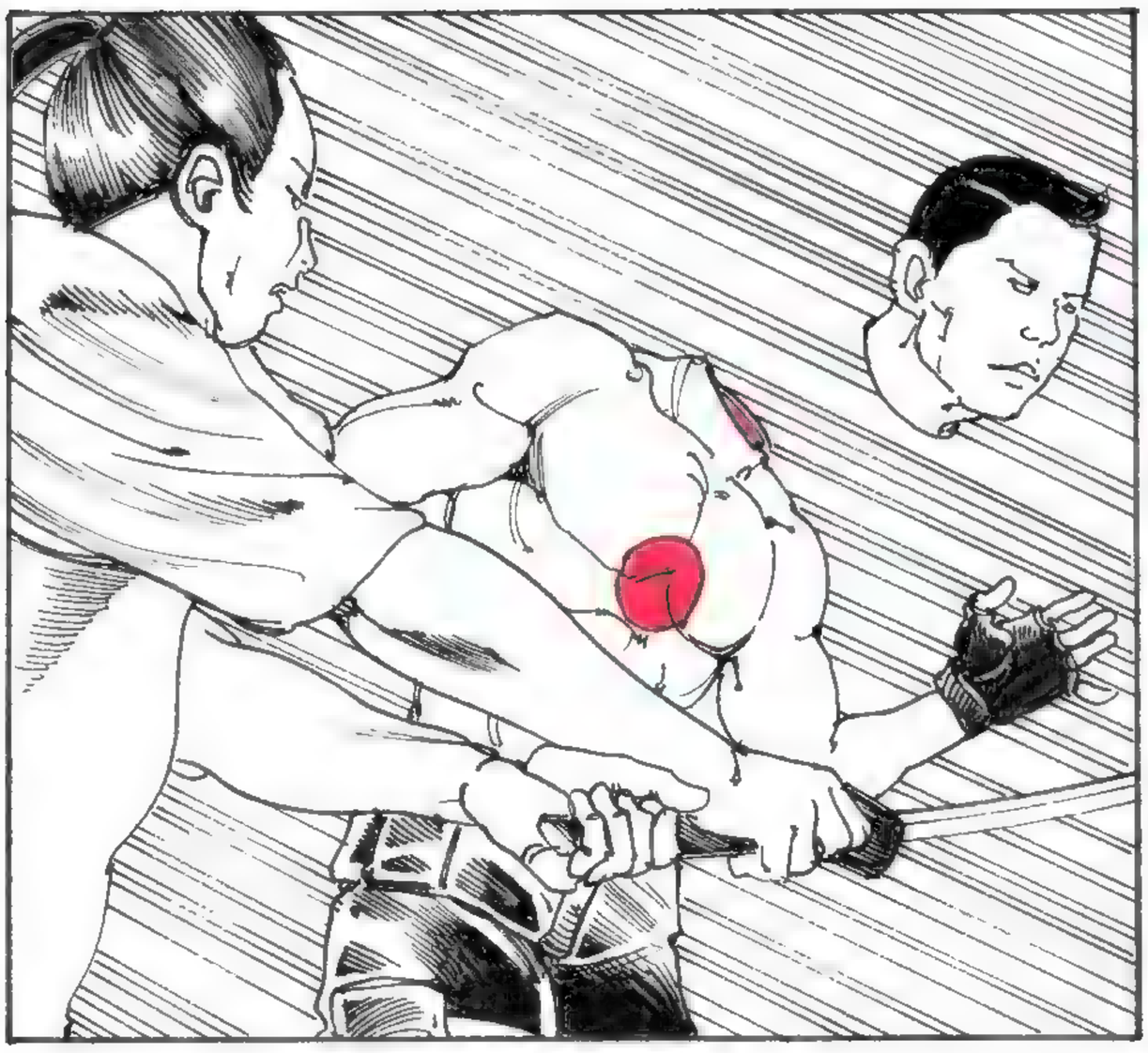

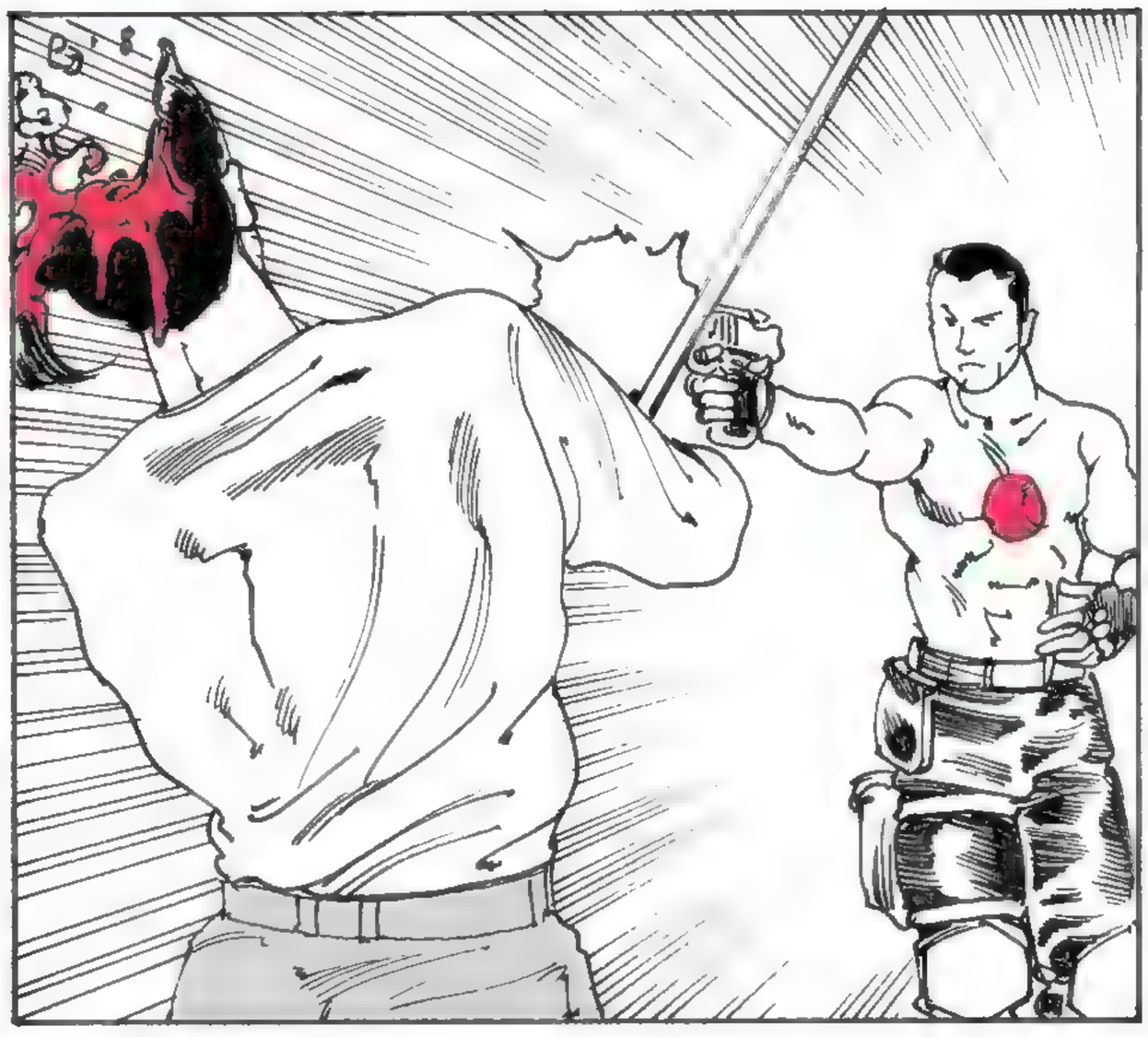

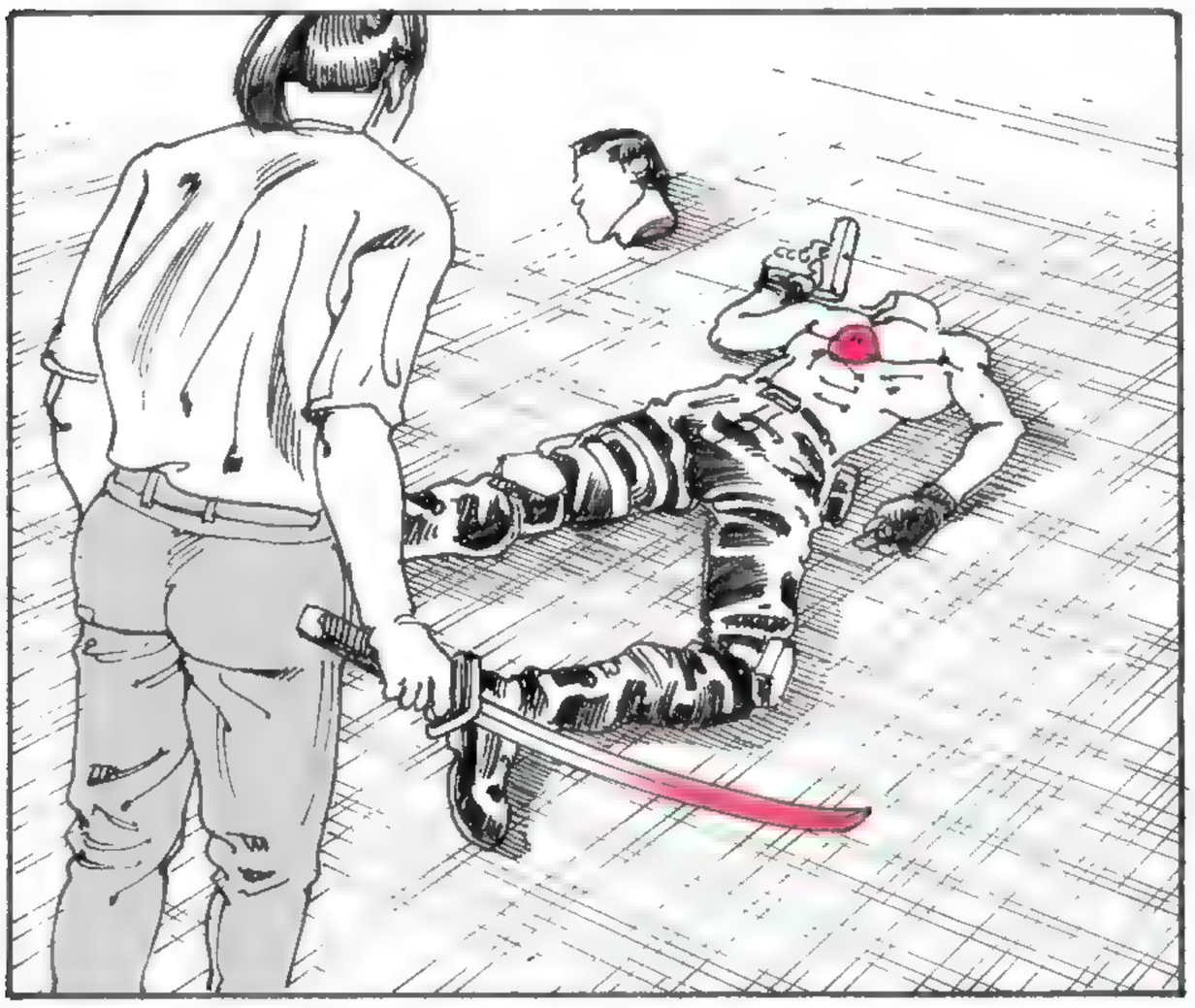

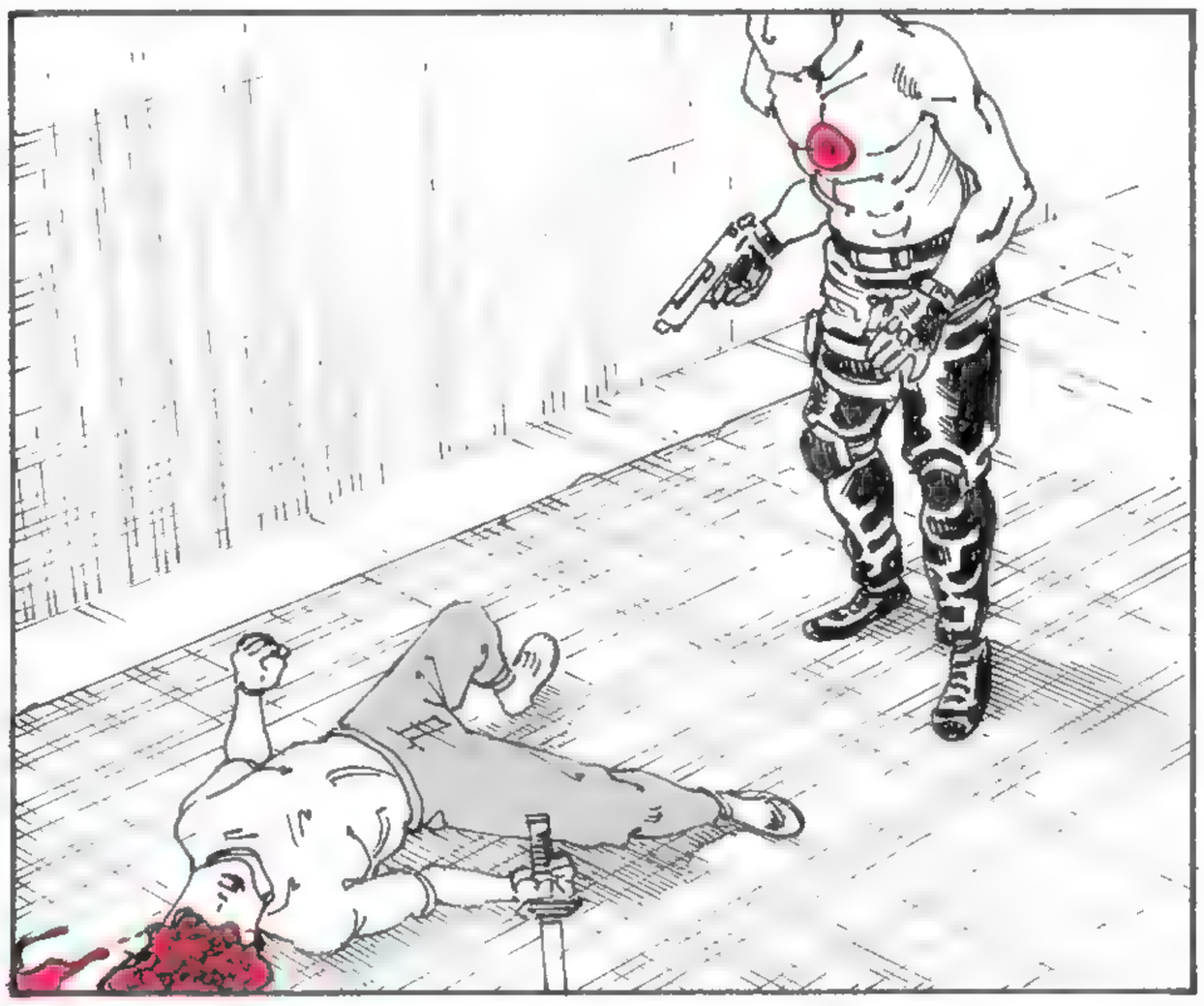

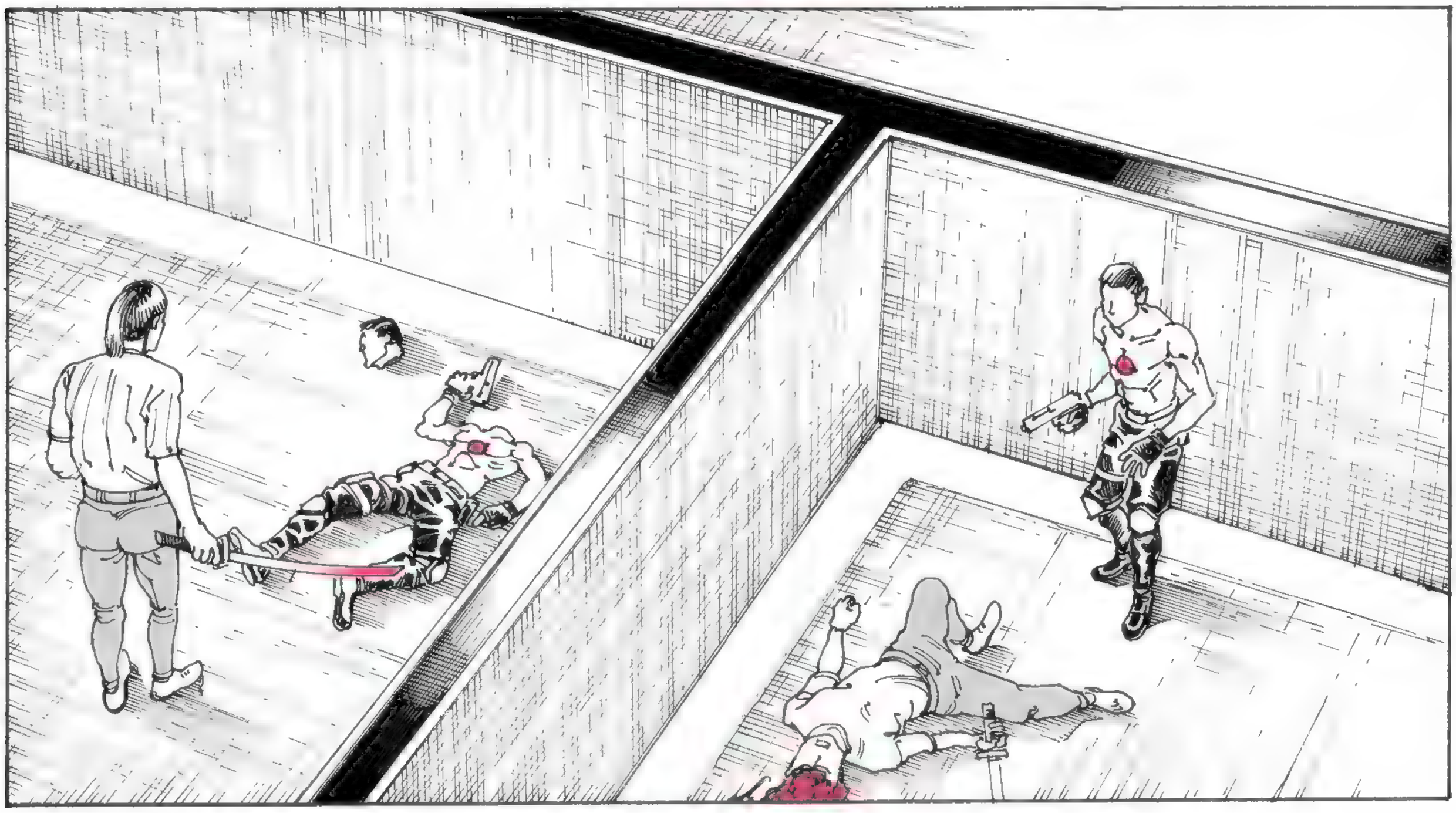

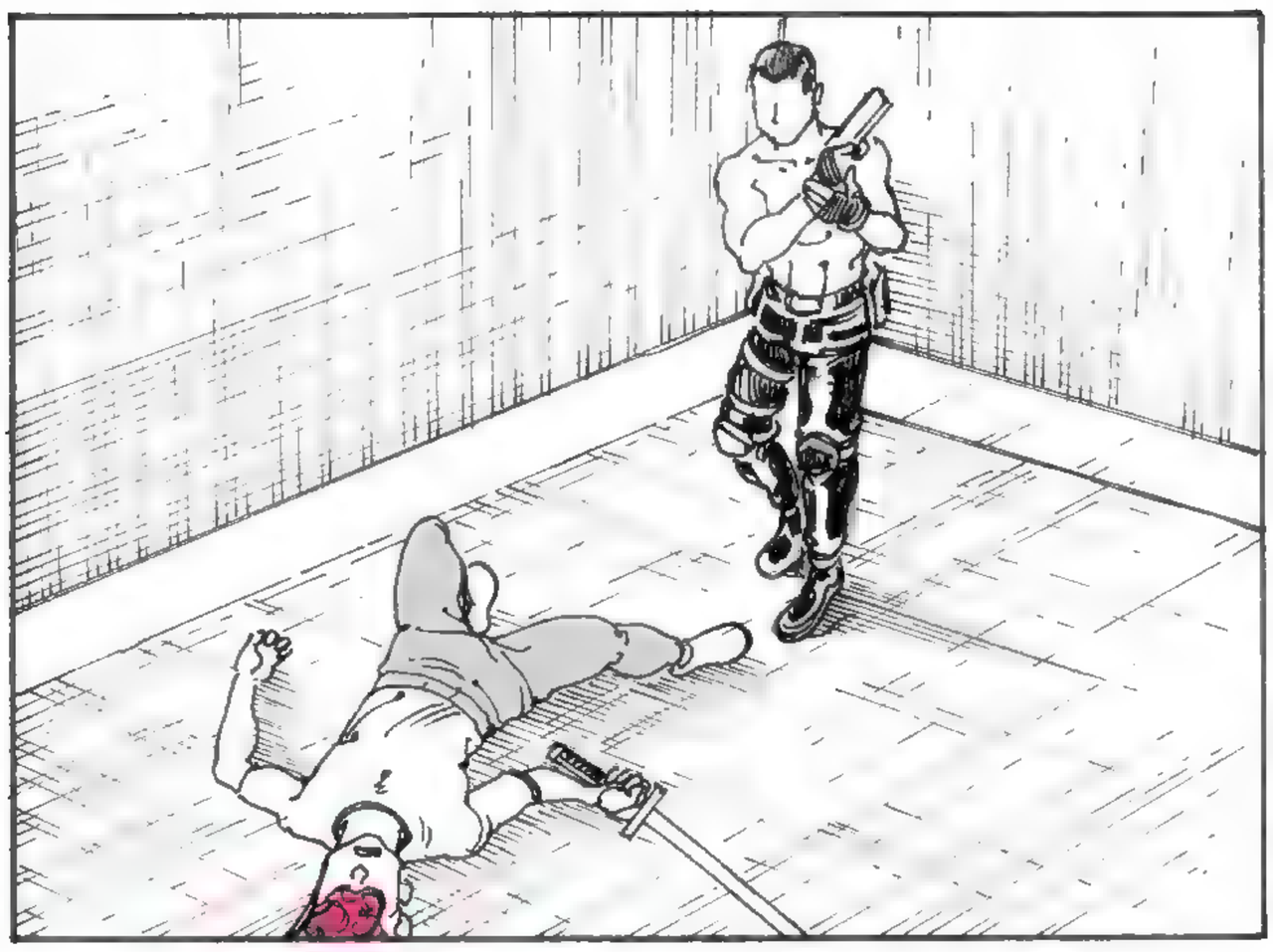

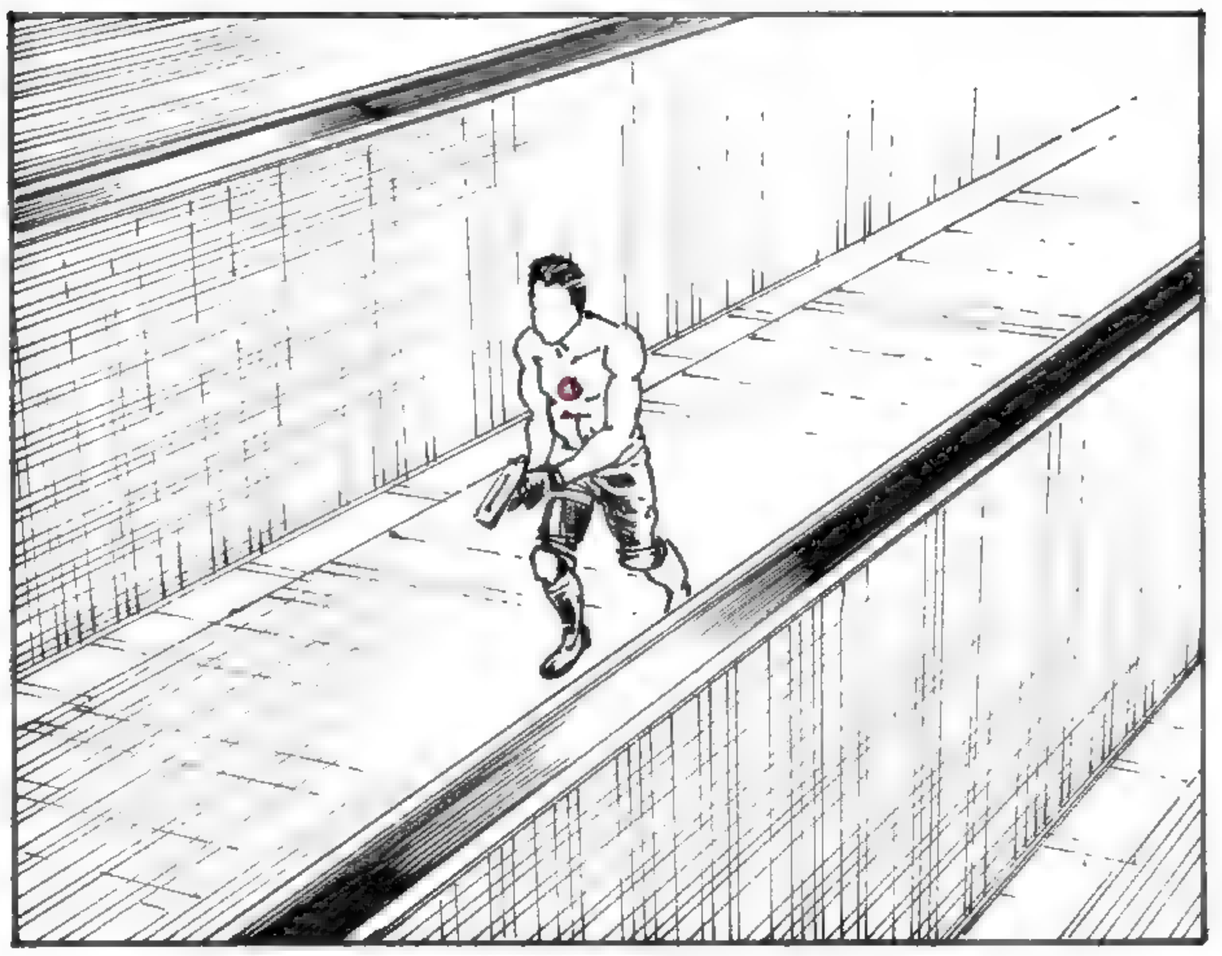

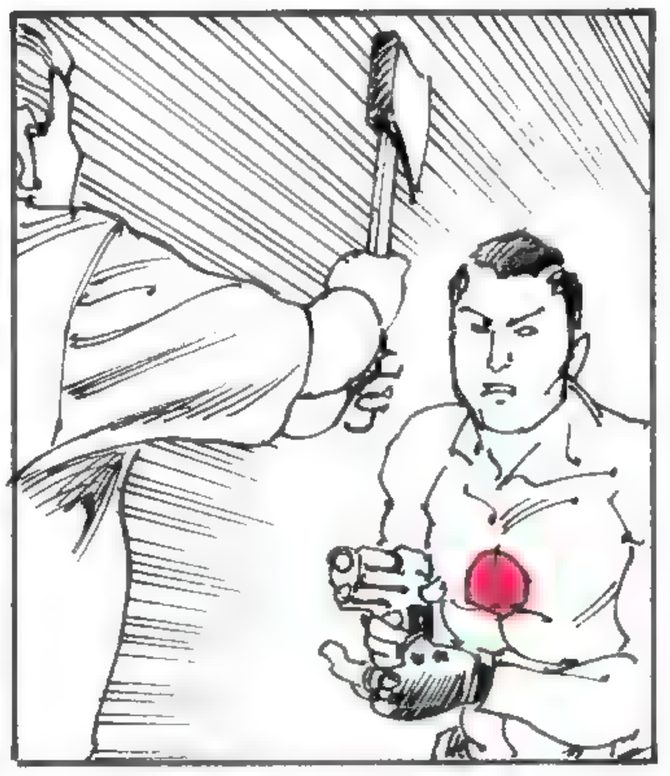

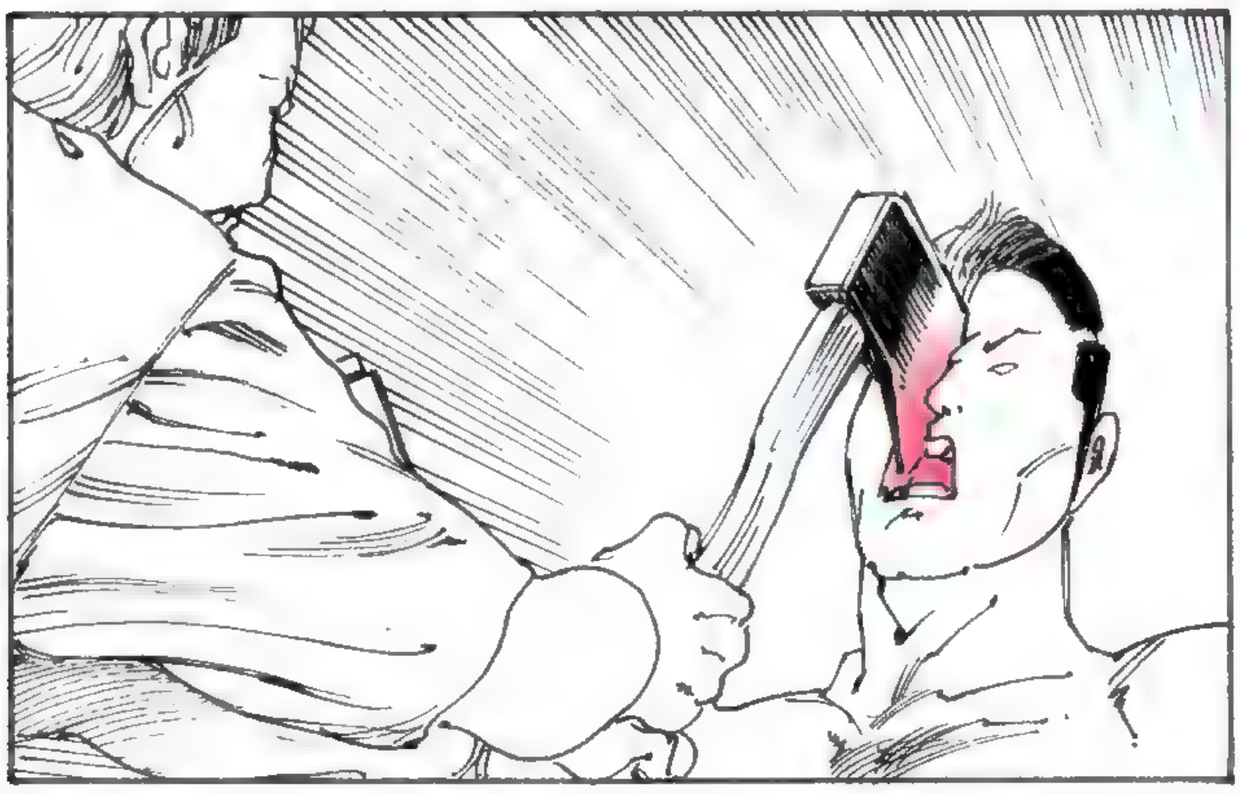

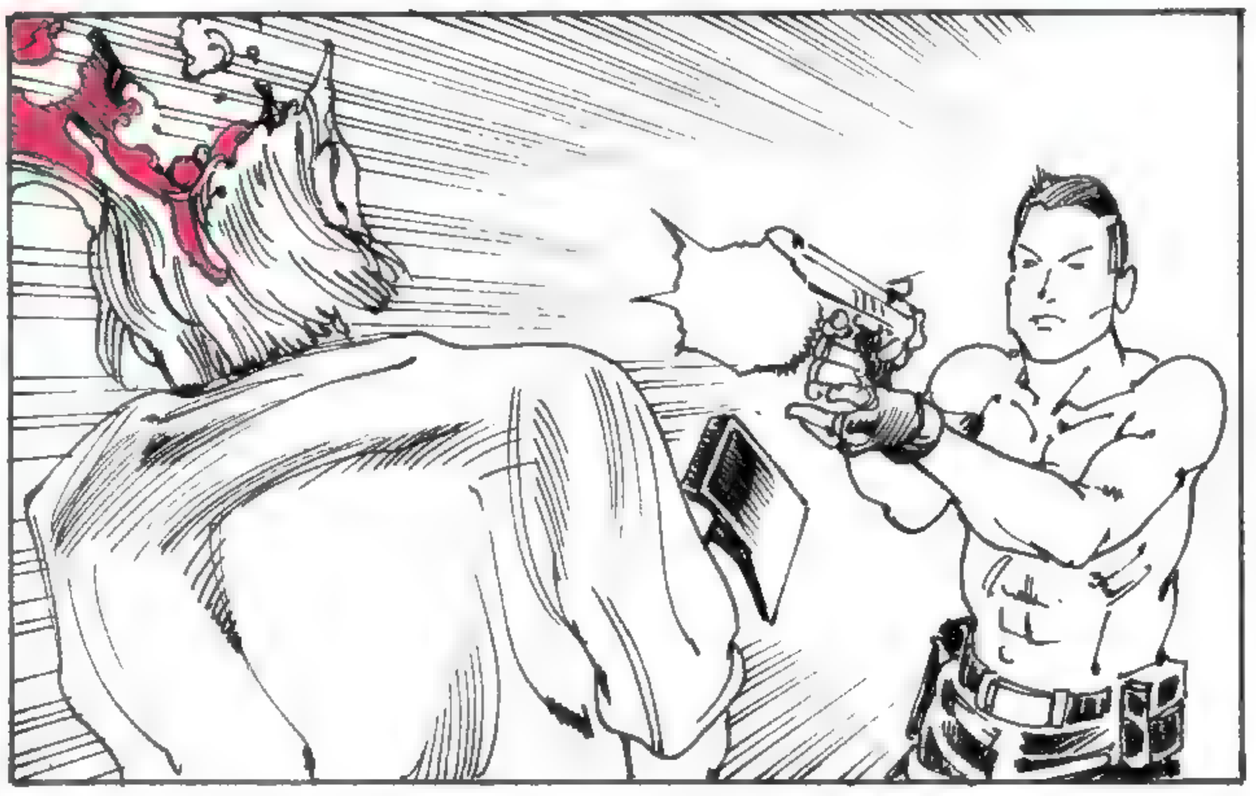

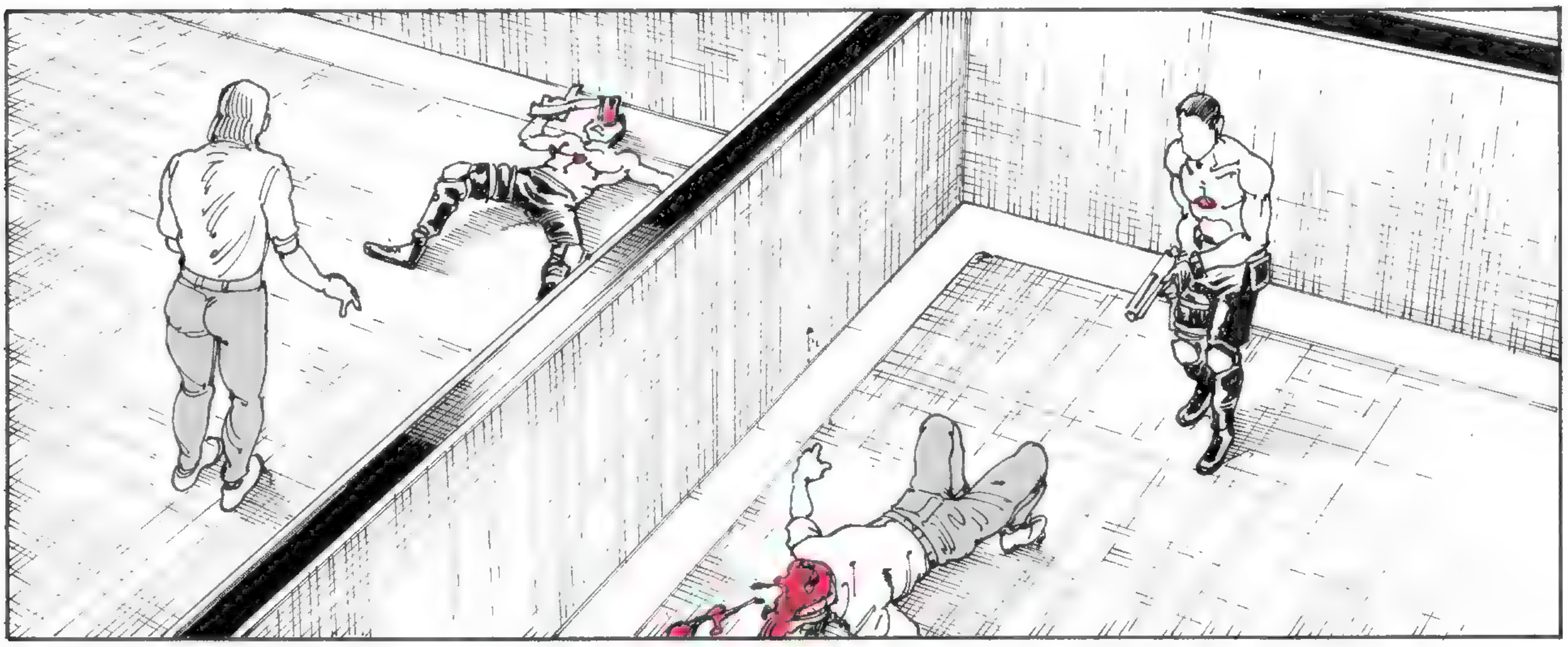

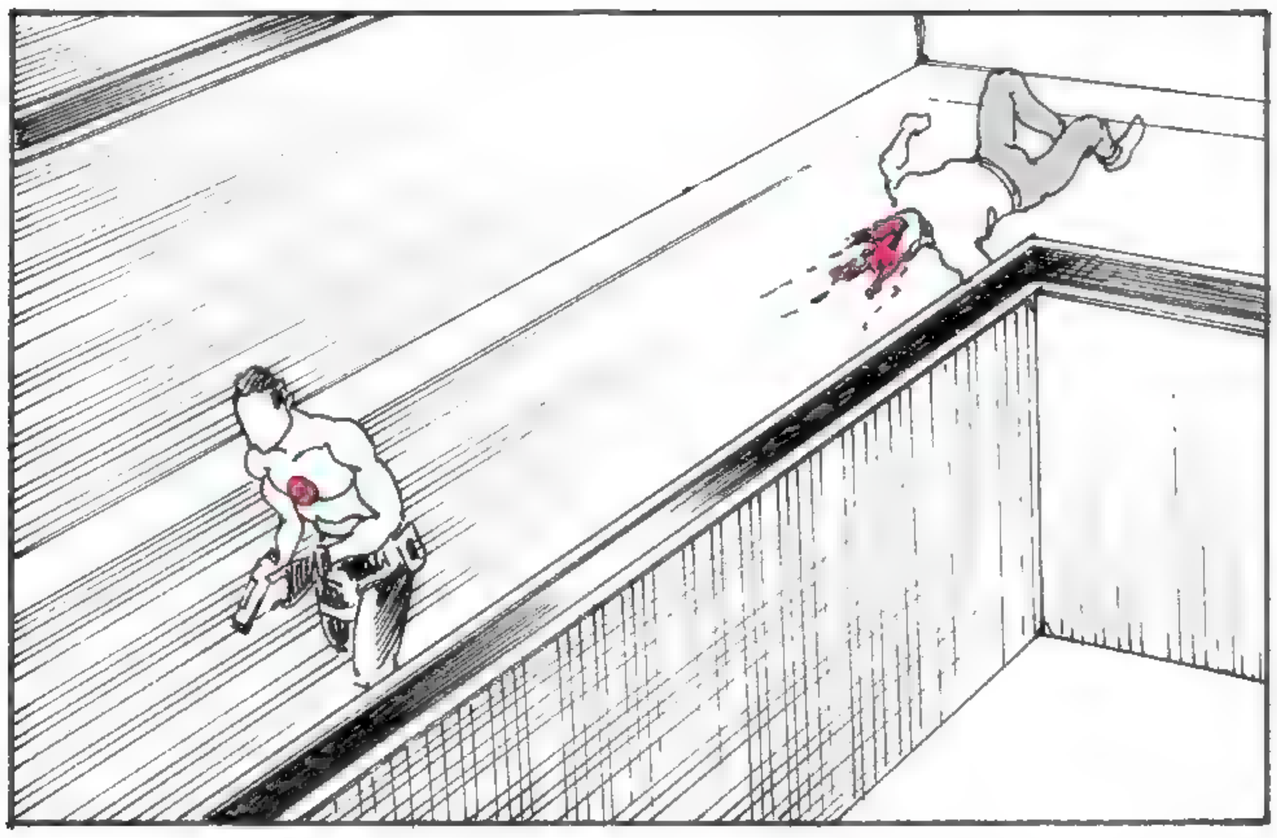

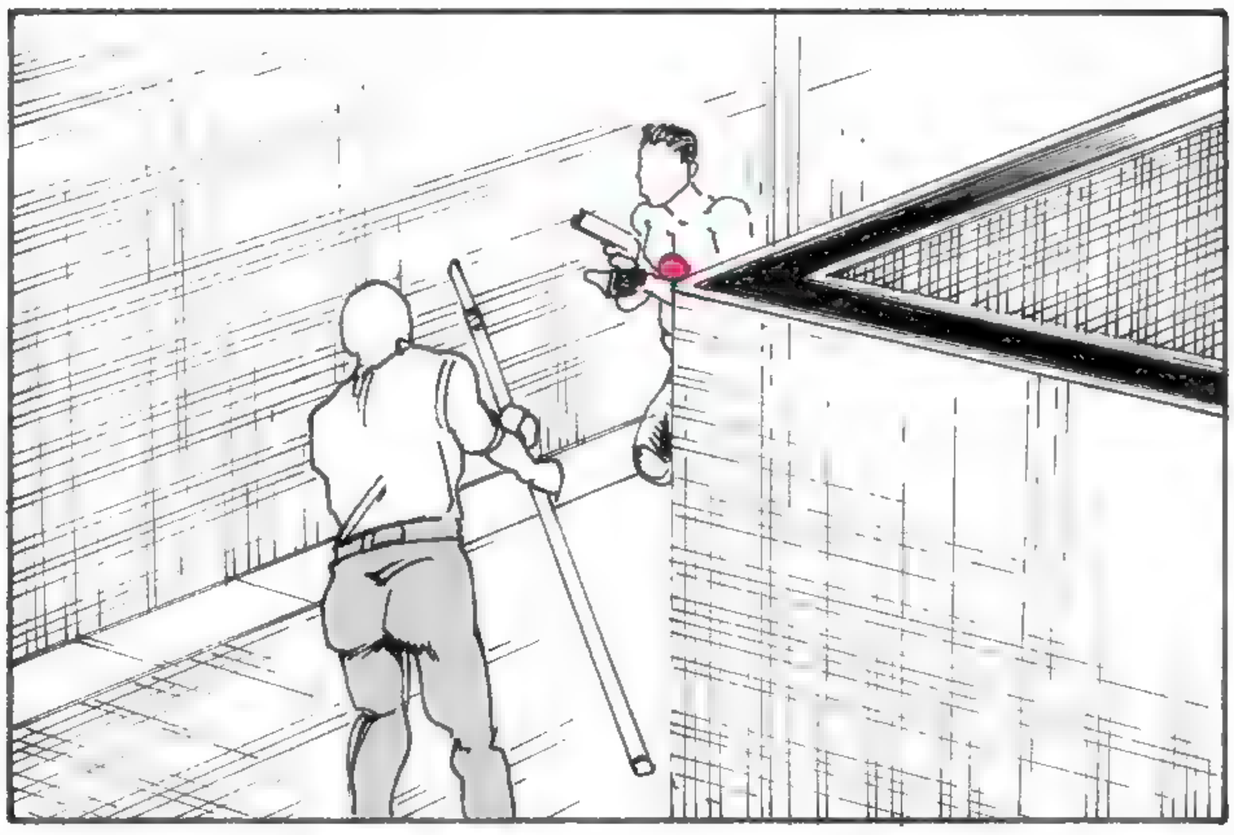

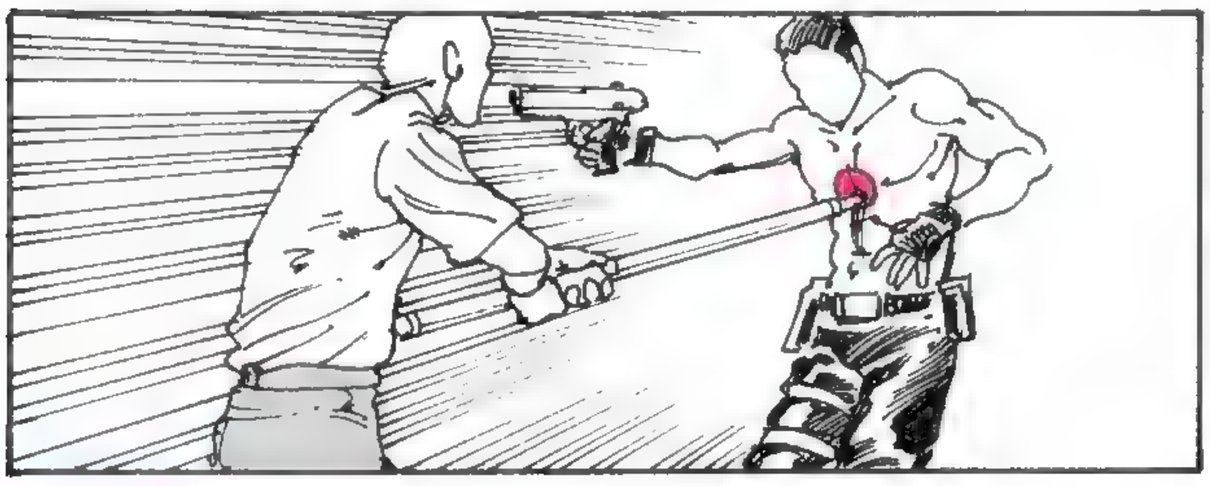

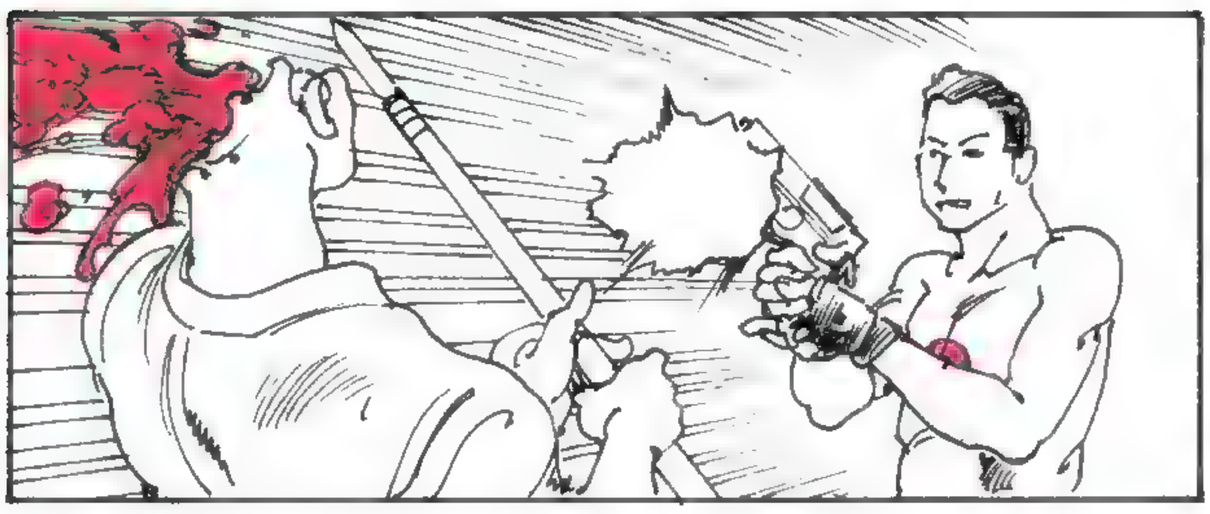

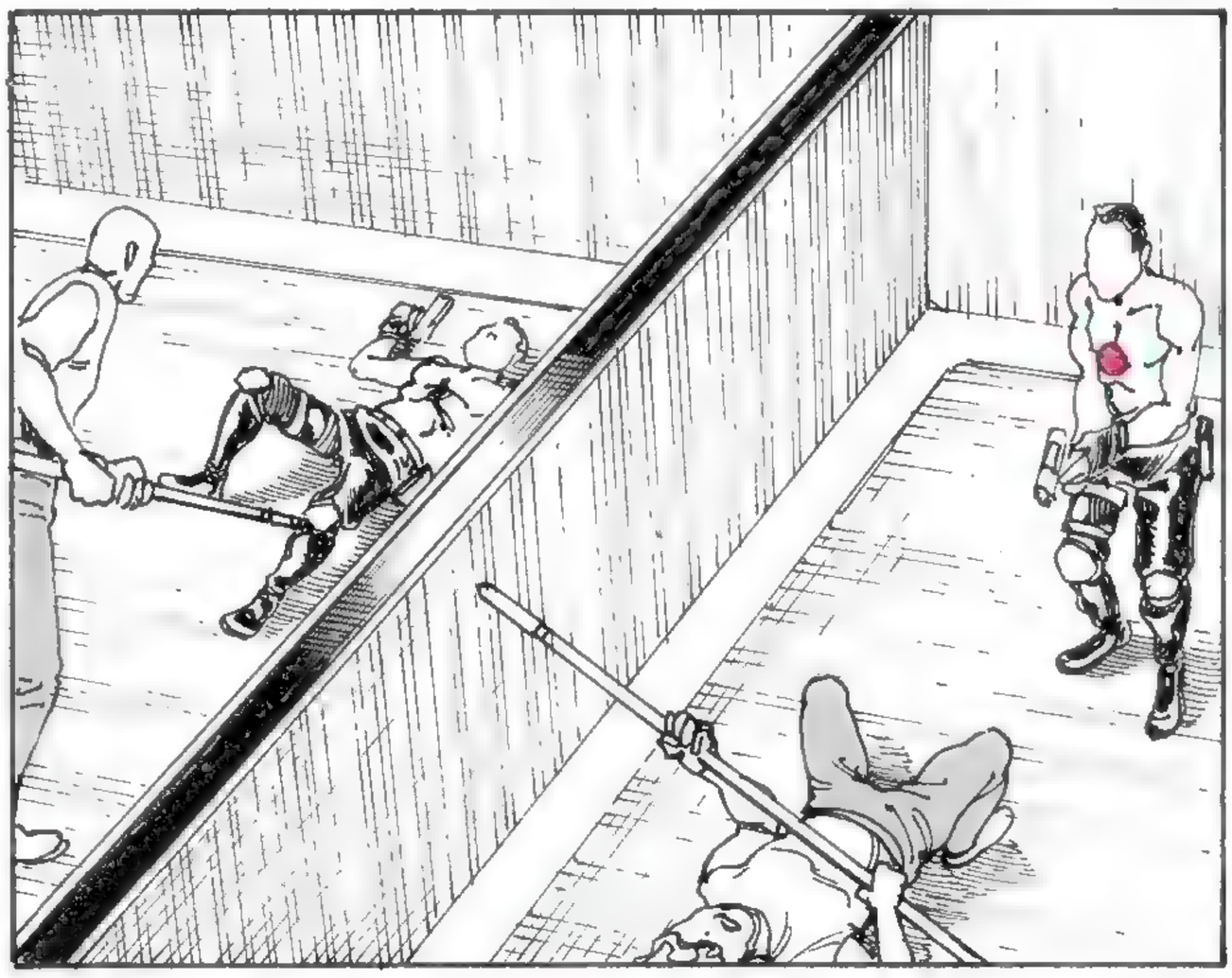

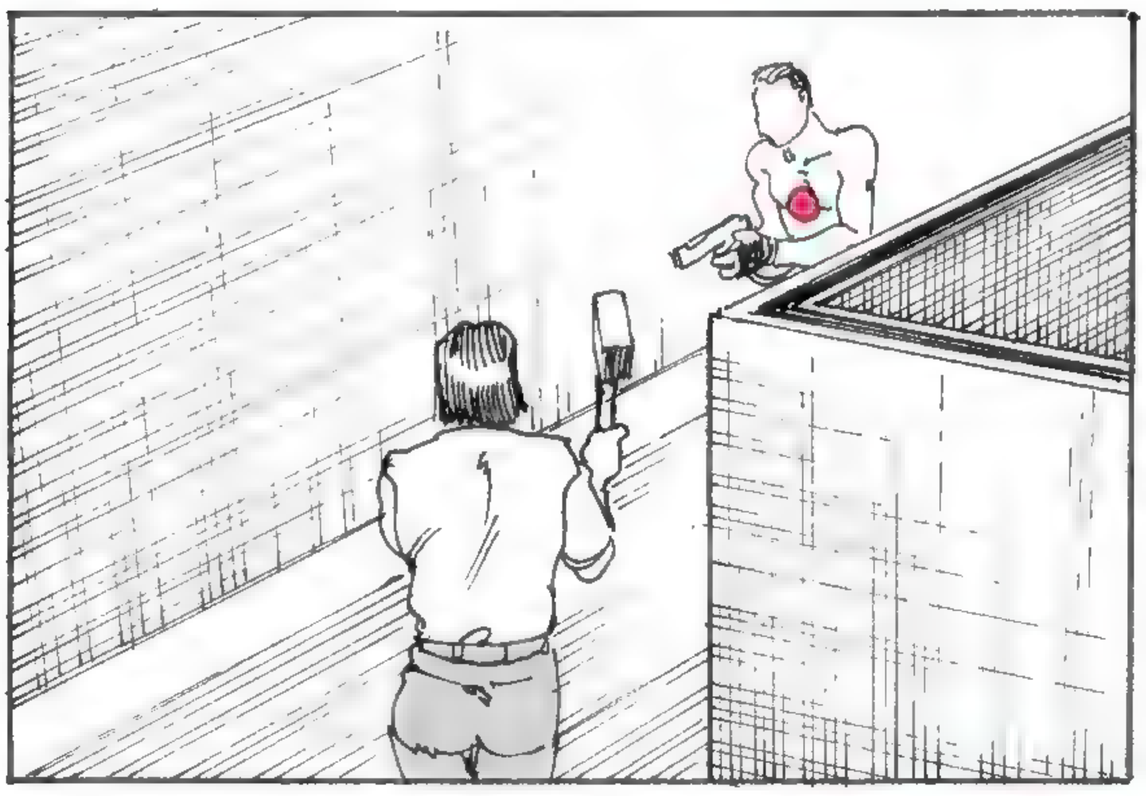

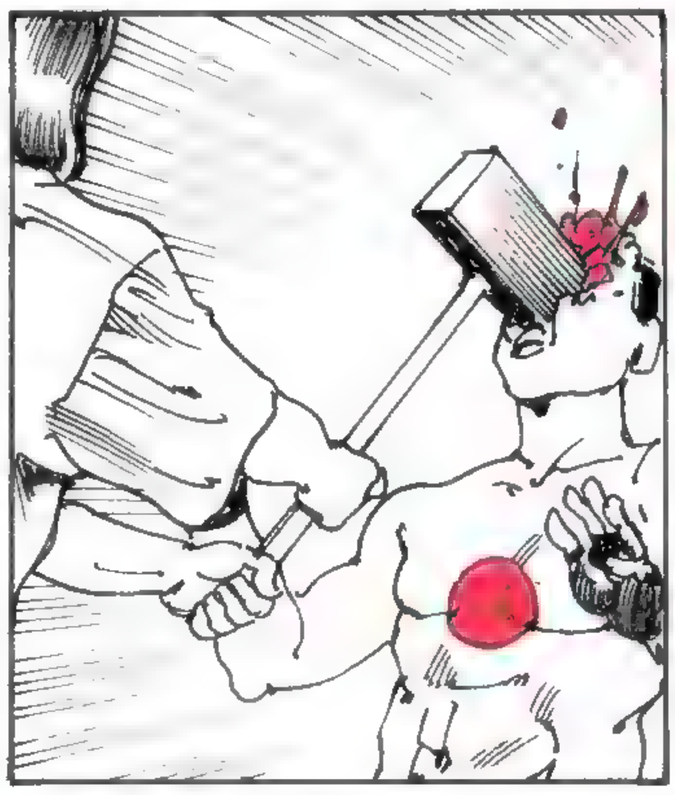

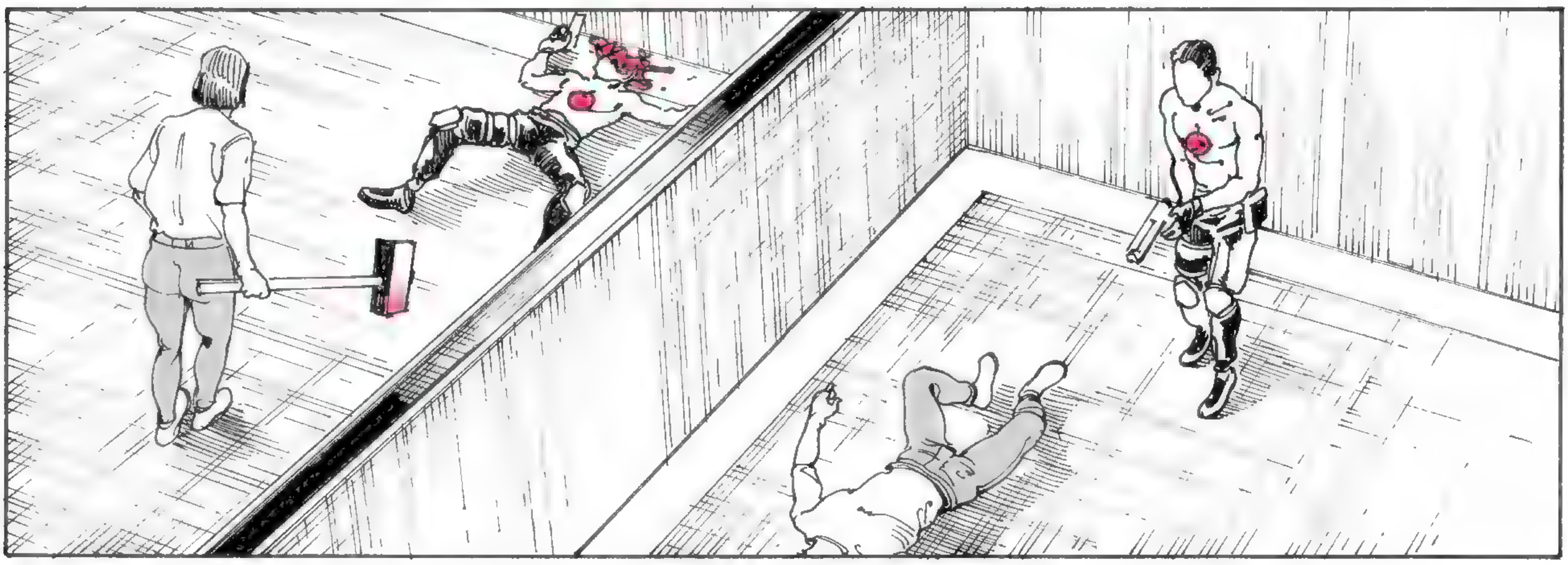

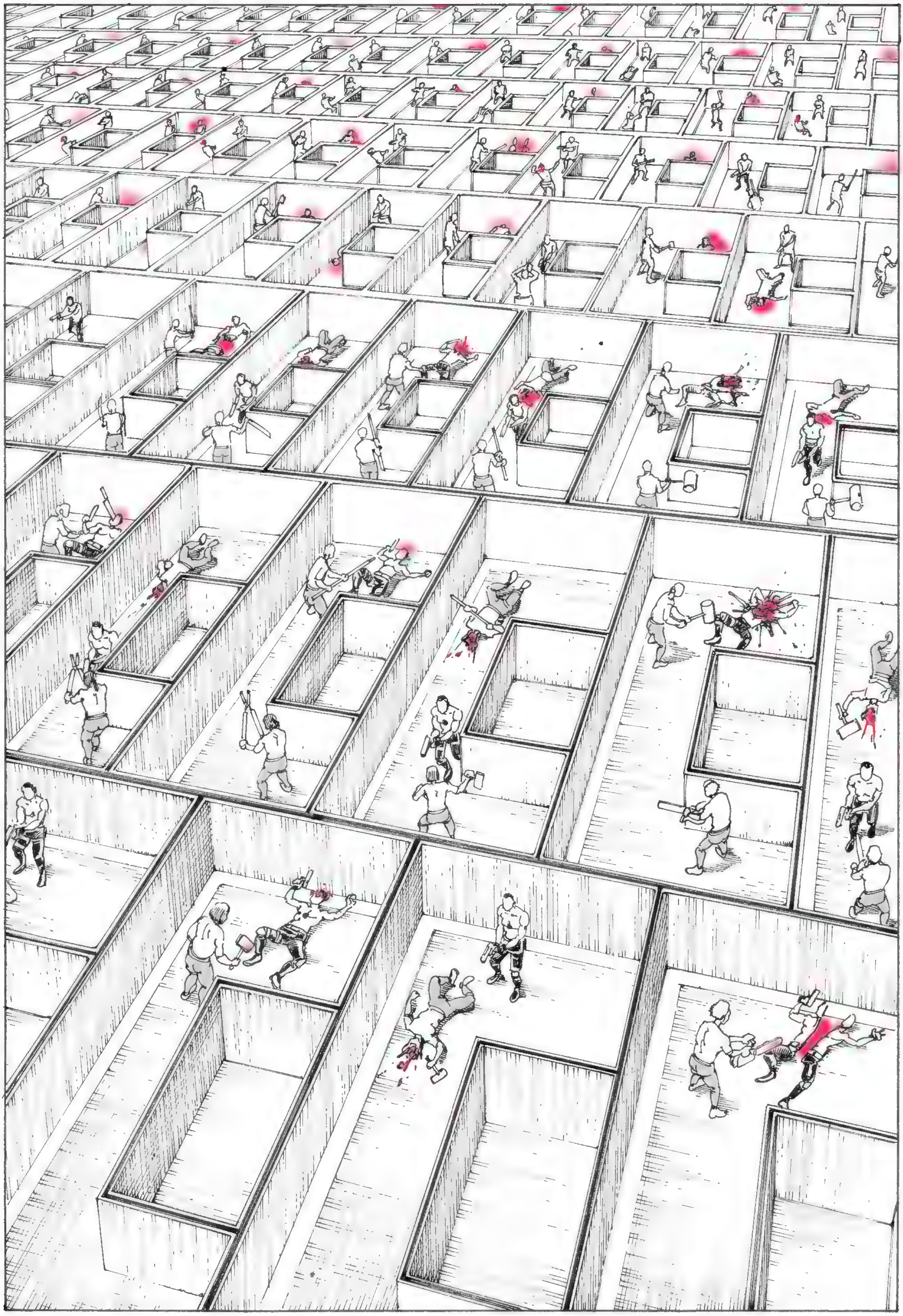

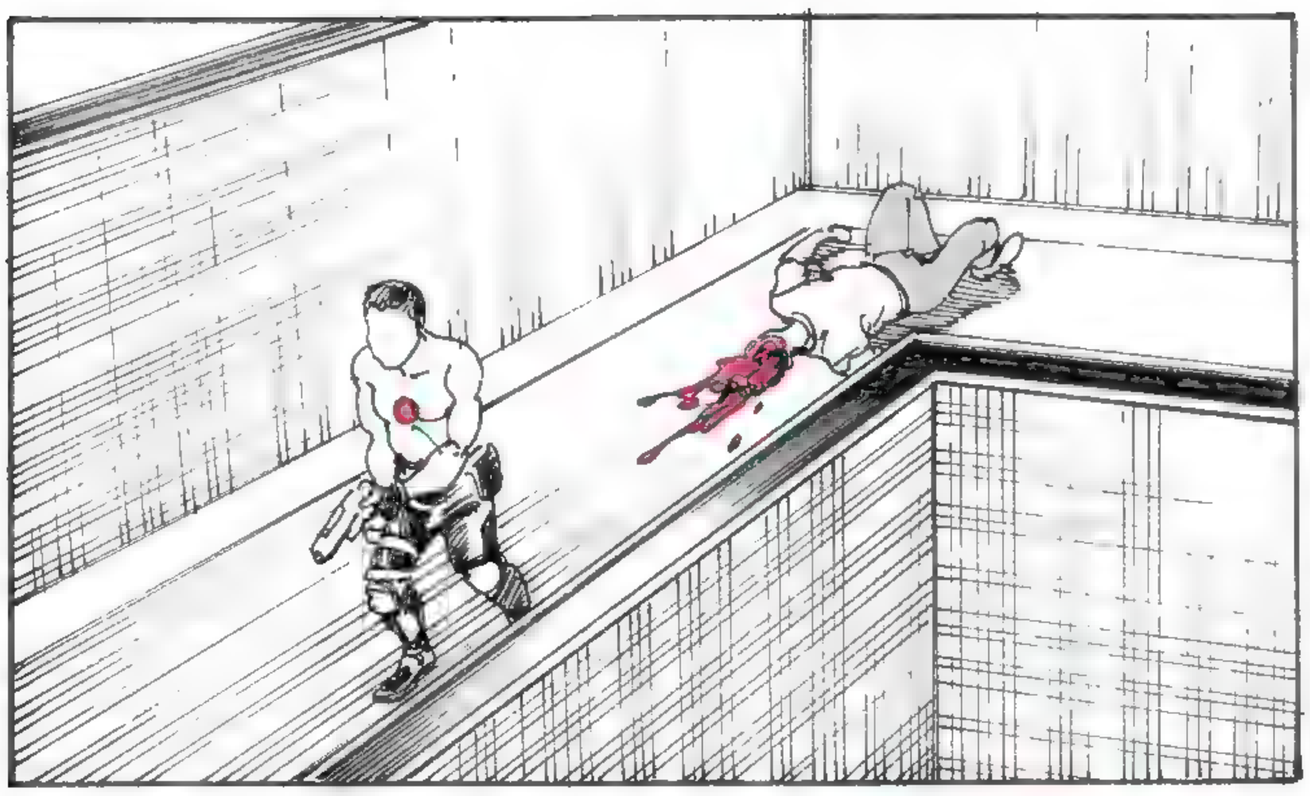

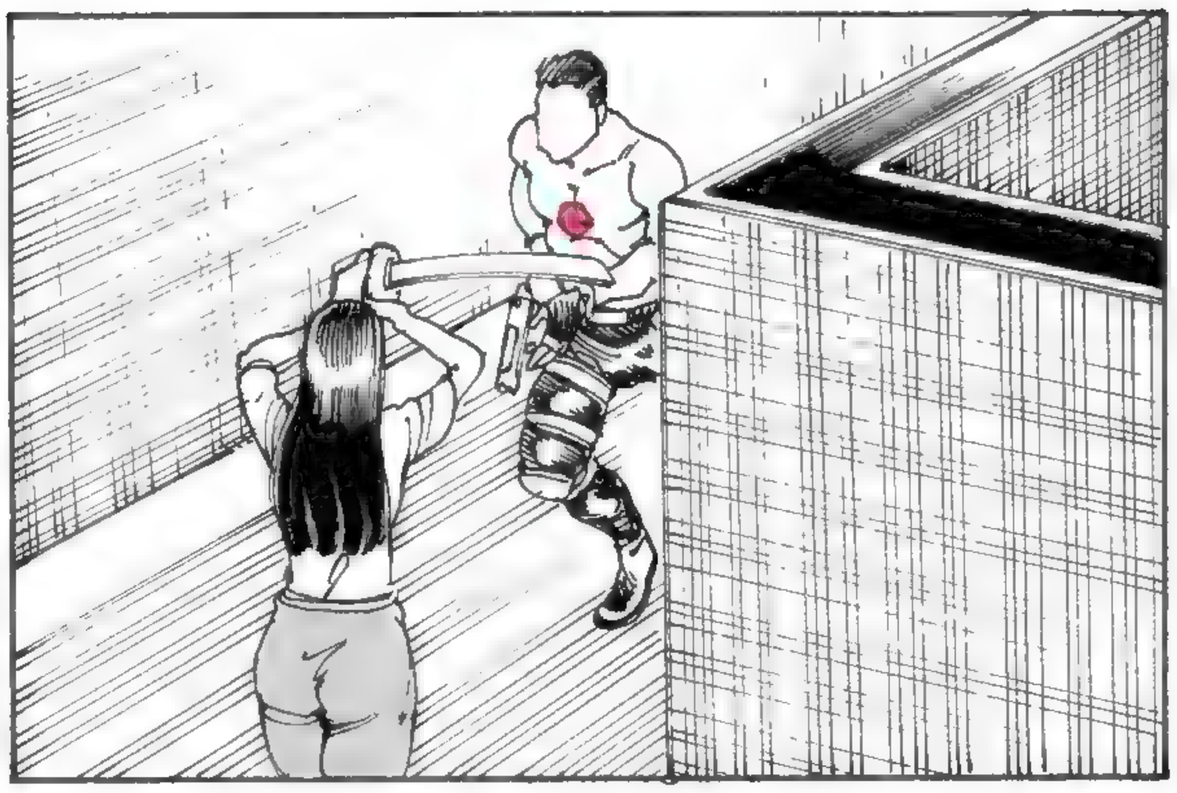

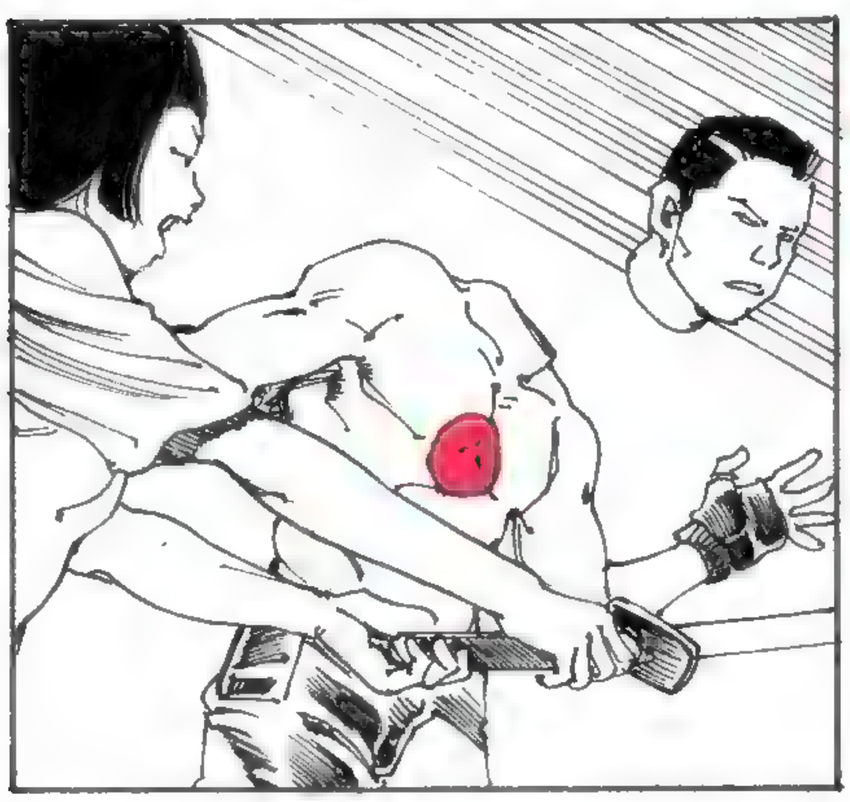

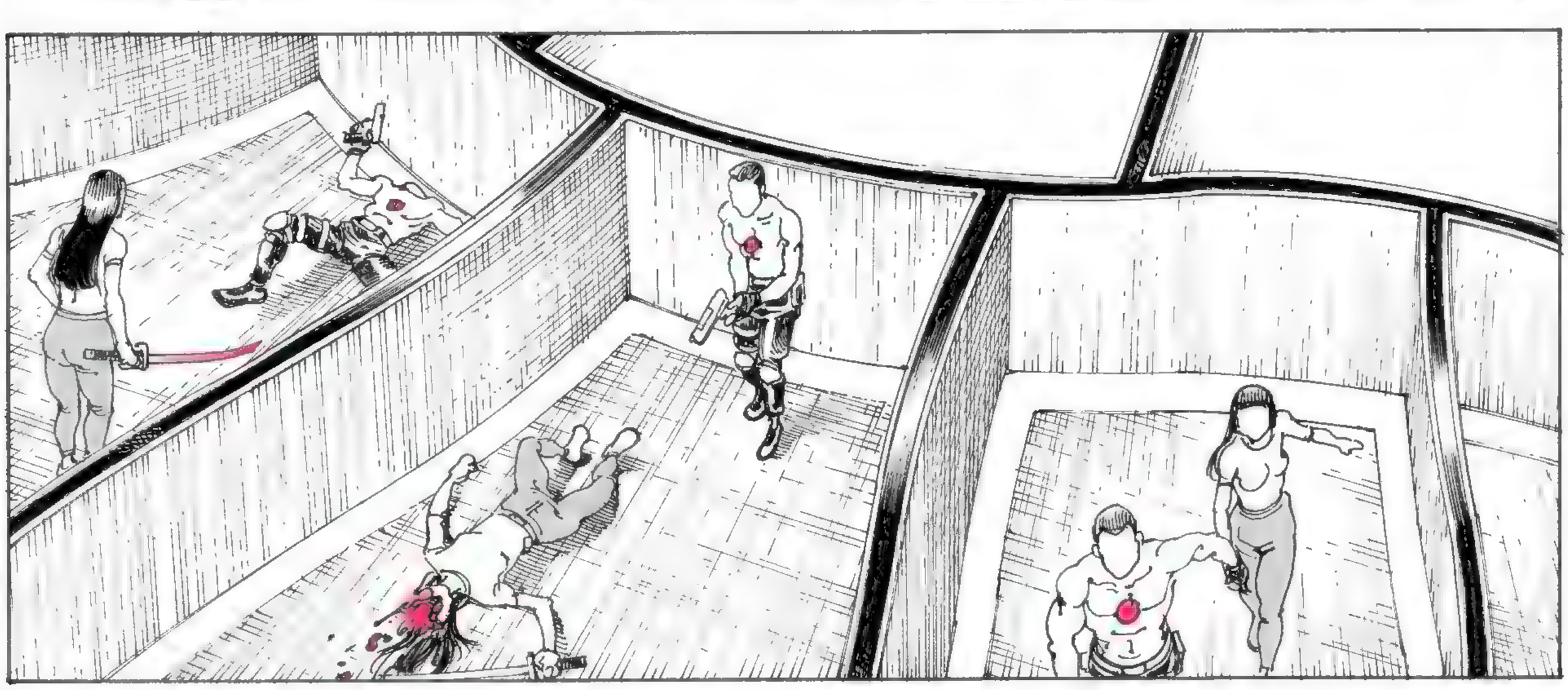

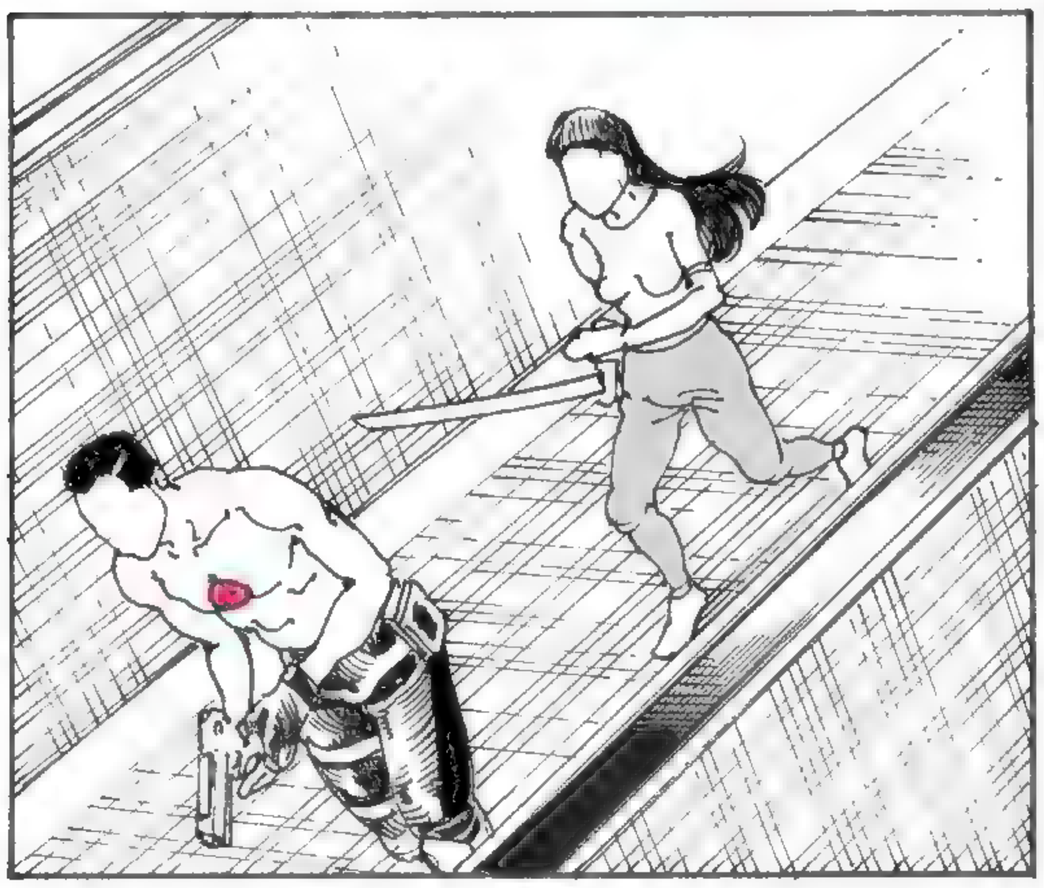

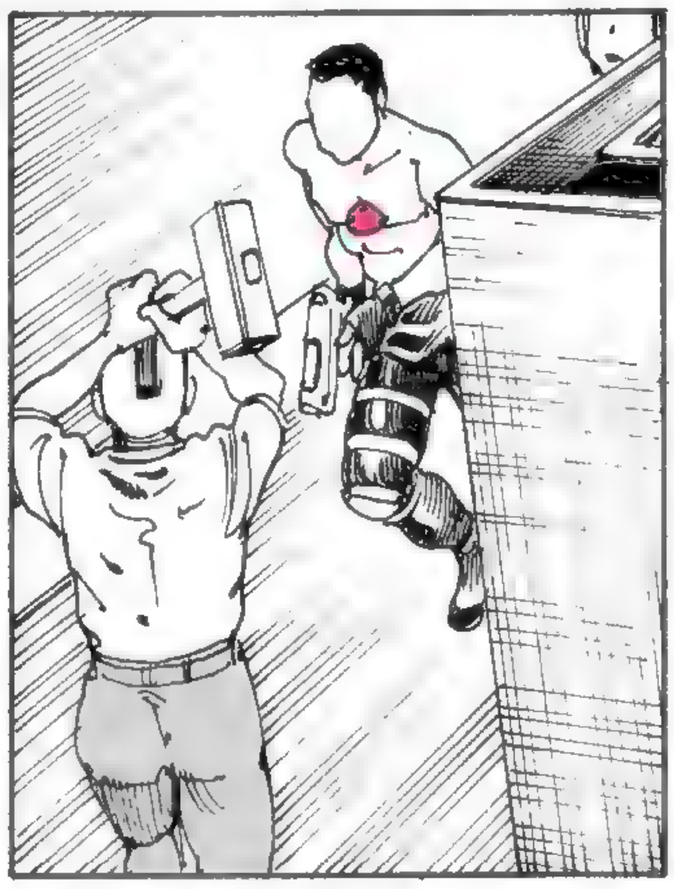

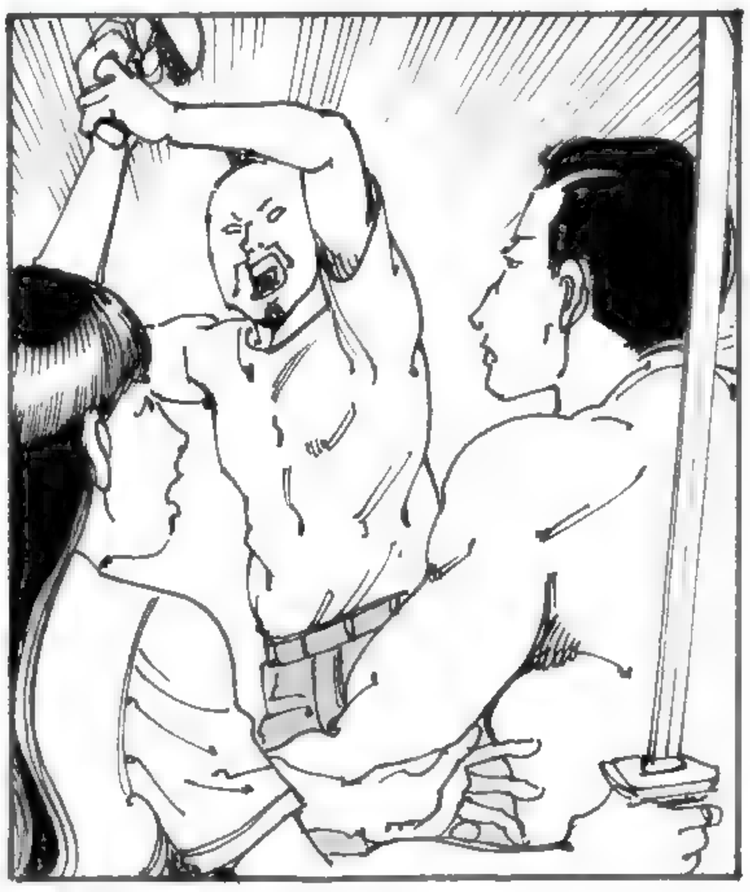

PATTERNS

SCRIPT & ART: SHINTARO KAGO

TITLE DESIGN: MARTIN CASANOVA

EDITOR: MATIAS TIMARCHI

PROJECT RISING SPIRIT. GHOSTS FROM MY PAST. I THOUGHT I WAS FREE OF THEM. I THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS FREE OF THEM.

CUTTING IT CLOSE

Script: Timmy Heague Art: Sergio Monjes
Lettering: Martin Casanova Editor: Matias Timarchi

I WAS WRONG.

A BEACON WENT LIVE YESTERDAY THAT HIT ANYTHING CONNECTED TO THE INTERNET WITH COORDINATES.

A MESSAGE THAT EVERYONE IN THE WORLD RECEIVED BUT WAS ONLY INTENDED FOR ONE PERSON...

ME.

BROOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

THE SIGNAL HIT THE NANITES IN A WAY THAT MADE ME FEEL LIKE I WAS BEING CALLED HOME.

HE'S GOING TO HIT US!

HOLY $%@!! WATCH OUT!

I COULDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER.

IT WASN'T AN OPTION TO RISK HAVING WHATEVER COULD BE THERE WANTING TO COME OUT AND PLAY.

TIME TO SAY HI.

ALREADY OFF TO A WARM WELCOME.

STOP HIM!

HE'S JUST GOING TO RUN INTO THE FORCE FIELD THOUGH!

BLAM! BLAM!

BLAM!

BANG!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

IT'S LIKE THE FORCEFIELD WELCOMED HIM WITH OPEN ARMS!

WHAT IS THIS SON OF A $%@# MADE OF?!

YEAH, IT'S NOT AS COOL AS IT LOOKS.

BOOM BOOM BOOM!

KNOCK, KNOCK.

HELLO? I GOT YOUR MESSAGE! YOU COULD HAVE JUST CALLED, YOU KNOW, DIDN'T HAVE TO MAKE A BIG SONG AND DANCE FOR LITTLE OLD ME!

THE NANITES... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

TAK TAK TAK

LOOKS LIKE YOU COULD USE A HAND, MATE.

TAK!

TAK TAK TAK

MY NANITES, THEY'RE NOT WORKING, I CAN'T HEAL, I CAN'T FOCUS...

YOU LIKE MY SWORD? IT WAS MADE JUST FOR YOU, BROTHER. A SWORD THAT WHEN NEAR YOU, SLOWS DOWN YOUR LITTLE NANITE MAGIC, AND WHEN IT TOUCHES YOU, IT STOPS THEM COMPLETELY.

PROJECT RISING SPIRIT CAUGHT WIND OF MI-6'S NINJA PROGRAMME AND REALIZED THAT THE PERFECT ANSWER TO STOPPING YOU, THEIR PERFECT LITTLE SOLDIER, WAS TO CREATE ME.

SO WITH THAT, YOURS TRULY WAS BORN. NINJA-L OR AS I LIKE TO CALL MYSELF-- ***BLOODJAK***.

GIFTED AT BIRTH WITH A SWORD SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO GET YOU BACK HOME AND UNDER CONTROL.

SHUT UP!

BOOM BO

OOM OM!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
DAMN IT! THE CLOSER HE GETS, THE LESS I CAN AIM THIS DAMN THING!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
AGH!!!

IT FEELS JUST LIKE THE SWORD! MAYBE I CAN GIVE HIM A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE... BUT HOW IS HE IMMUNE TO IT ALL AS HE SWINGS THAT DAMN SWORD OF HIS?

HE DID ASK ME IF I NEEDED A HAND...

UGH!!!

CRUNCH!

HOLDING THE HILT OF THE SWORD MAKES YOU IMMUNE TO THE POWER THE BLADE HAS ON THE NANITES!

SMASH!

AND TO THINK, WE ALMOST DIDN'T GET TO MEET THANKS TO THE HARBINGER WARS. SHELVED AND FORGOTTEN, I WAS. SO GLAD YOU ANSWERED MY CALL, MATE--

sput!

WHERE IS HE?!

IS THAT HIM?!

WHAT HAPPENED HERE...? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

WE SAW HIM HEAL FROM A .50 CALIBER BULLET OUT THERE...HOW DID HE WIND UP LIKE THIS?!

END.

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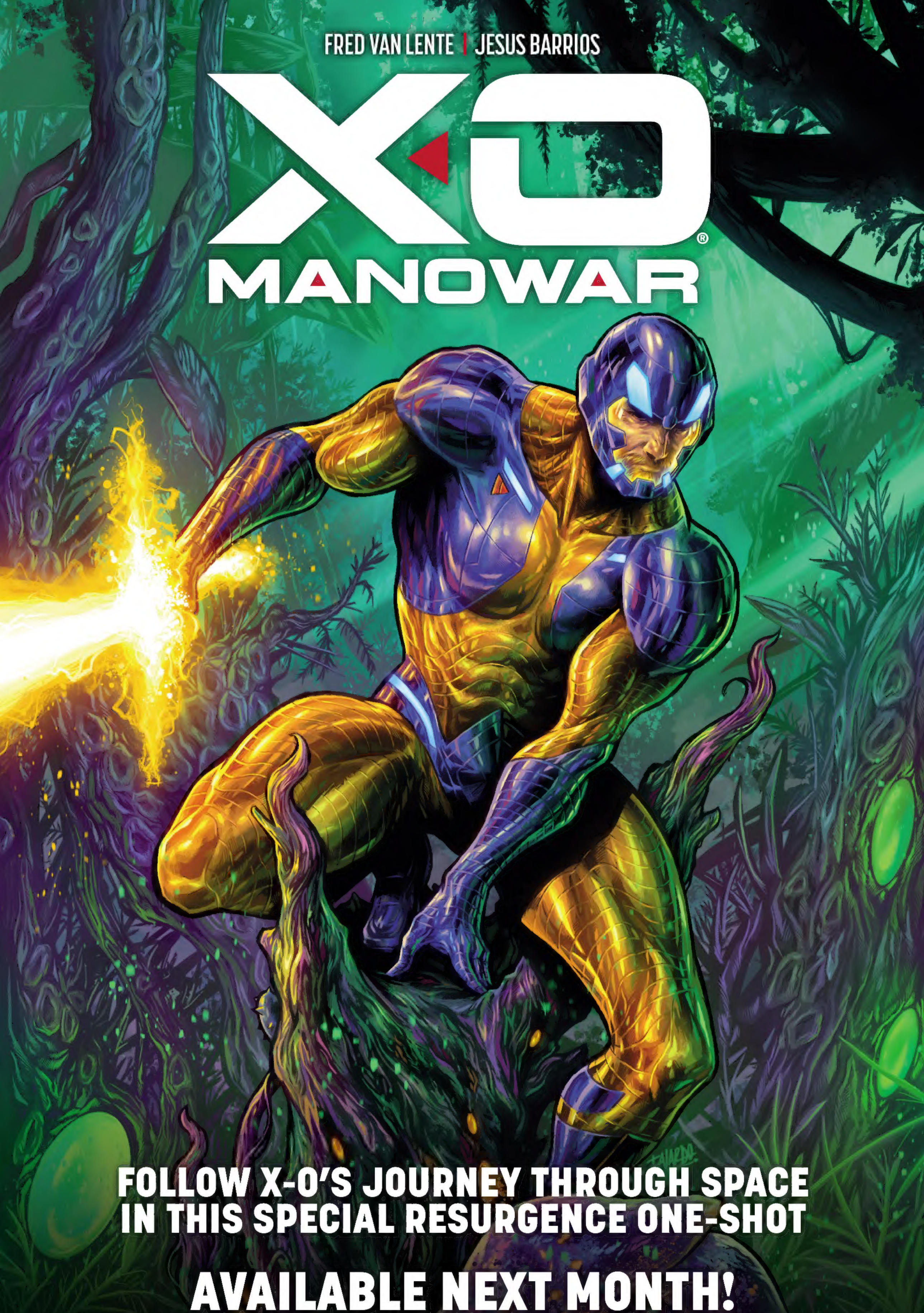

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